1708

Fr. Jordan

Nobertine Fathers of Orange
19292 N. El Toro Rd.
Silverado, Ca
U.S.A. 92676 - 9801

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_P9-BHS-216

The "Teaching of English" Series

General Editor—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

2-30
F15

HISTORY AND POETRY

No. 72

Silver Medal of the Peace of Breda (1667)

HISTORY & POETRY

A Book of Verses bearing upon British History from 1603 to 1837

Selected and Edited by
D. L. J. PERKINS, B.A.
Sometime Scholar of Trinity College
Oxford

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, LTD.
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

First published March 1926

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT
THE PRESS OF THE PUBLISHERS

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION xi

BALLAD PUBLISHED IN MARCH 1603 (From *The Shirburn Ballads*) 15

SOME VERSES TO HIS MAJESTY JAMES I. (*William Alexander*) 17

"WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS" (*Ravenscroft's "Deuteromelia,"* 1609) 18

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE (*John Donne*) 19

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT BETWEEN CAPTAIN WARD AND THE "RAINBOW" 21

THE PEDLAR'S BALLAD (*Printed at London by E. A. about* 1620) 24

THE SPANISH GIPSY (*William Rowley*) 27

A ROYAL SONNET (*King James I.*) 29

A RECANTATION OF AN ILL LEDDE LIFE (*John Clavell*) 30

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER (*John Milton*) . . 42

AN ODE TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD (*Thomas Randolph*) 43

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN (*Richard Corbet, D.D.*) 45

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY 47

EXTRACT FROM "STRAFFORD" (*Robert Browning*) 50

THE BERMUDAS (*Andrew Marvell*) 62

EPIGRAM (*William Drummond*) 63

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE (*Robert Herrick*) . 63

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON (*Richard Lovelace*) . 64

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY (*John Milton*) 65

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS (*Richard Lovelace*) 65

POLITICAL SONGS—

I. The Riddle (1644) 66
II. The Commoners (1645) 67
III. The Royalist (1646) 69
IV. The Leveller's Rant (1648) (*Alexander Brome*) 69

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY (*Lord Macaulay*) . . 70

CAVALIER TUNES (*Robert Browning*)—

I. Marching Along 73
II. Give a Rouse 74
III. Boot and Saddle 75

BALLAD PUBLISHED ABOUT 1646 (*London, printed for Francis Grove*) 76

THE PRESBYTERIANS (*Samuel Butler*) . . . 79

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT (*John Milton*) . . . 81

EPIGRAM UPON GLASSE (*Robert Herrick*). . . 81

THE HOCK-CART; OR, HARVEST HOME (*Robert Herrick*). 82

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON STEWARD (*Robert Herrick*) 83

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS HOUSE (*Robert Herrick*). 85

TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS (*Richard Lovelace*) 87

UPON THE KING'S IMPRISONMENT (*Alexander Brome*) 87

An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland (*Andrew Marvell*) . . . 88

To the Lord General Cromwell (*John Milton*). 92

Songs from "The Compleat Angler"—

I. Coridon's Song (*John Chalkhill*) . . 93
II. The Angler's Song (*William Basse*) . . 95
III. The Beggar's Song (*From Frank Davison's Miscellany, entitled "A Poetical Rapsodie"*) 96
IV. The Angler's Song (*Izaak Walton*) . . 97

On the Victory obtained by Blake over the Spaniards (*Andrew Marvell*) 98

"Farewell and Adieu" (*Old Ballad*) . . 101

A Poem upon the Death of Oliver Cromwell (*Andrew Marvell*) 102

A Panegyric to My Lord Protector (*Edmund Waller*) 105

Selections from "Astræa Redux" (*John Dryden*) 109

The Fire of London, from "Annus Mirabilis" (*John Dryden*) 111

On the Statue of King Charles I. at Charing Cross (*Edmund Waller*) 118

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury (*John Dryden*) 119

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (*John Dryden*) 120

Epitaph on Charles II. (*Earl of Rochester*) . 121

The Song of the Western Men (*R. S. Hawker*) 121

Lilliburlero (*Thomas Wharton*) 122

Strawberry Hill (*William Pulteney*) . . . 124

High Germany (*Anon.*) 125

From "The Campaign" (*Joseph Addison*) . . 126
Upon the Duke of Marlborough's House at Woodstock (*Alexander Pope?*) . . . 129
An Ode (*Edmund Smith*) 130
An Epitaph (*Matthew Prior*) 131
Epistle to Miss Blount (*Alexander Pope*) . . 133
Ballad—The Battle of Sheriffmuir (*Anon.*) 134
The Vicar of Bray (*Anon.*) 135
From "A Description of a City Shower" (*Jonathan Swift*) 137
Selections from "Trivia" (*John Gay*) . . 138
The South Sea Bubble (*John Gay*) . . . 145
The Highwayman's Song (*John Gay*) . . . 146
Sally in our Alley (*Henry Carey*) 147
Farewell to Bath (*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*) 148
To Sir Robert Walpole (*Henry Fielding*) . . 149
Admiral Hosier's Ghost (*Richard Glover*) . . 150
The Stage Coach (*Francis Fawkes*) . . . 153
Epigrams (*John Byrom*) 153
Songs of the '45—
I. Come, boat me o'er to Charlie (*Robert Burns*) 154
II. Wha'll be King but Charlie? (*Lady Nairne*) 155
III. The Hundred Pipers (*Lady Nairne*) . 156
IV. Bonnie Prince Charlie (*James Hogg*) . 157
V. Welcome, Royal Charlie! (*Anon.*) . 158
VI. Wae's me for Prince Charlie (*William Glen*) 158
VII. Will ye no come back again? (*Lady Nairne*) 159
A Jacobite's Epitaph (*Lord Macaulay*) . . 160

ODE (*William Collins*) 161
STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT (*Anon.*) 161
STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC (*Oliver Goldsmith*) 162
FROM "THE NEW BATH GUIDE" (*Christopher Anstey*) 163
SELECTIONS FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE" (*Oliver Goldsmith*)—
I. Past and Present 165
II. The Village Preacher 167
III. The Village Schoolmaster 168
IV. The Inn 169
EDMUND BURKE (*Oliver Goldsmith*) 170
THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON" (*Anon.*) 171
THE BIRTH OF A NATION (*James Russell Lowell*) . 172
ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE" (*William Cowper*) 173
SELECTIONS FROM "THE VILLAGE" (*George Crabbe*)—
I. The Poet's Purpose 174
II. Smugglers 175
III. The Parish Workhouse 175
IV. The Dying Pauper 176
SELECTIONS FROM "THE NEWSPAPER" (*George Crabbe*)—
I. Newspapers 178
II. Politics 178
SELECTIONS FROM "THE TASK" (*William Cowper*)—
I. Gipsies 179
II. The Clergy 180
III. The Postman 182
IV. Recruiting 183
MR. STEELYARD'S SONG (*William Blake*) . . 184
THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER (*William Blake*) . . 185
THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT (*William Cowper*) . . 186
THE YEARLY DISTRESS (*William Cowper*) . . 188

SELECTIONS FROM "THE ANTI-JACOBIN"—

I. The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder 190
II. La Sainte Guillotine (*Canning and Frere*) 192
III. Lines 194
IV. Translation of the New Song of the "Army of England" . . . 195
V. Epigram on the Paris Loan (*Frere*) . 197

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY (*William Wordsworth*)—

I. London, 1802 197
II. "It is Not to be Thought of" . . . 197
III. Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais . 198
IV. To the Men of Kent 199

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION (*William Wordsworth*) 199

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR (*William Wordsworth*) 200

THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM (*George Canning*) 203

NELSON, PITT, AND FOX (*Sir Walter Scott*) . . 203

THE EVE OF QUATRE BRAS (*Lord Byron*) . . 208

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE (*Charles Wolfe*). 210

"SHALL NOBLE ALBION?" (*Lord Byron*) . . 211

SELECTIONS FROM "THE MASK OF ANARCHY" (*Percy Bysshe Shelley*)—

I. The Procession of Anarchy . . . 212
II. The Song of the Earth of England . . 214

"WITH ALL THY FAULTS!" (*Lord Byron*) . . 219

AFTER READING IN A LETTER PROPOSALS FOR BUILDING A COTTAGE (*John Clare*) . . 219

THE COTTAGER (*John Clare*) 221

JERUSALEM (*William Blake*) 224

INTRODUCTION

To add to the already excessive number of anthologies would demand an apology if the further collection were due to a whim; but this book has a purpose —the illustration of English History by English poetry, and may perhaps go unexcused. But not unexplained: for what more fully is this purpose? It is not to emulate those versified histories which start—

> In 43 [B.C.] a Roman host
> From Gaul assailed our southern Coast;
> Caractacus in nine years more
> A captive left his native shore,

and end, in rather tantalizing manner, but still more teasing metre—

> When at Alma and at Inkerman
> We struck the Russian low,
> When Albert died the Great and Good,
> All British boys should know.

All the pieces included here have some claim to consideration as poetry, and this has been the first criterion, not without serious results. Most noticeable to one expert in similar collections will be the omission of such old but unworthy favourites as "At Linden when the sun was low," *et hoc genus omne*. But more serious for the compiler was the rejection of several contemporary ballads, broadsides, and occasional verses. For it was hoped to confine the selection to contemporary pieces; unfortunately it was not possible to follow this principle exclusively, great

poems having seldom been born of great events and inspiration having so often sprung from that backward glance always typical of a romantic epoch. Contemporary verses are largely journalistic or frigid, according as they are contained in public prints or birthday odes; not that later musings on historical themes have not also their vice, "sentimentalizing over what earned a better doom." And if Nahum Tate will not bear reprinting, Robert Southey, too, had better be excluded.

So much for the implications of one term in our title. But if the interpretation of the word "poetry" has been strict, history has been used in its most liberal sense, to cover not only wars and politics, but manners and customs also. There is less occasion to-day to tilt against that teaching of history which has ignored the ordinary man and his ordinary pursuits in favour of a scene exclusively peopled by kings and nobles, generals and admirals, controlling vast issues in fancy dress. Though there is no such obvious source as Chaucer's "Prologue" or Langland's "Piers Plowman" for the social life from 1603 onwards, there are sufficient exquisite pictures of town and country scattered up and down the poets to throw some light on the work and games, the conditions and aspirations of Englishmen in the past three centuries. These are to be discovered as much in the poetry of the people as in the works of recognized authors; and so folk-song and broadside have been enlisted to show, even in the martial and political history, the counterpart in private life to the more official or public sentiment of set compositions. Thus "High Germany" is made complementary to "The Campaign," and the 1603 Ballad, with which the book opens, to the Earl of Stirling's Verses which follow it.

It may be pointed out that John Clavell's "Recantation of an Ill Ledde Life" has, so far as I have been able to discover, not been reprinted since 1628,

the date of the second edition of that remarkable and revealing composition.

Two minor points remain. In the first place, short notes have been added only when there was some genuine obscurity ; for the most part the poems have been left unhampered. Secondly, all the spelling has been modernized, for simplicity, and also to be in harmony with the spirit of this work, which is to infuse history with life and not to leave it a skeleton of mere antiquarian interest.

D. L. J. P.

HISTORY AND POETRY

BALLAD PUBLISHED IN MARCH 1603 *

[*An excellent new ballad, showing the pedigree of our royal King James, the first of that name in England. To the tune of "Gallants all come mourn with me."*]

ENGLAND, each cheerful heart give ear
to that my muse shall now declare.
'Tis no base thing I take in hand,
but what brings comfort to this land—
The Pedigree of a noble King,
whose name to thee doth honour bring.
O hone, honinonero, tarrararara,
tarrararara hone.

The dreadful sting of cruel death
hast stopt Eliza's princely breath,
And, to her joy, she now is gone
to heaven for an angel's throne,
Leaving her honours and her crown
to princely James of great renown.

She rulèd hath 'mongst us long time,
in spite of those that did repine
And sought to stop her princely breath,
but yet she died a natural death.
And to our comfort god did send
King James his Gospel to defend.

. . . . . .

Eight hundred miles his Empire goes
in length, in spite of all his foes.

* From *The Shirburn Ballads* (Oxford University Press).

From Cornwall to past Calidon
is known to be King James's own,
Half which her bosom forth doth lay
from German to the Virgin's sea.

A fertile soil is Ireland,
now subject to his glorious hand.
Yea all the Isles from famous France
their chalky tops to him advance.
Saturn to him resigns his charge,
making the wealthy mine's way large.
. . . . .
England, rejoice and now give praise
unto the Lord, that so did raise
Our sorrowful hearts with hops of joy,
when we were drowned with sad annoy
For loss of sweet Eliza's life,
looking for nothing more than strife.

Yet god for us did so provide,
and held us up when we did slide ;
And, as Eliza she is gone,
he sent another to ease our moan.
King James is he, by whose sweet breath
we still possess Queen Elizabeth.

For though her corpse be lapt in lead,
and never on this earth shall tread,
Yet do her virtues still remain,
without a blot, blemish or stain.
In noble James her virtues live,
to whom God doth her honours give.

O noble King, to England haste,
that our full pleasures we may taste.
For nothing now breeds our despite,
but that we want our Prince his sight.
Which if we had, we more should joy
than Eliza's death wrought our annoy.

Now, Englishmen, leave off your grief,
for noble James brings us relief.
Pull mourning feathers from your bed,
And flourish now in yellow and red,
sing joyful Poems of his praise,
that god may lengthen long his days.
. . . . . .
O Lord, make thou his Council wise,
that they may give him good advice.
Bless the Commons, and all those
that seek the ruin of his foes.
And may he die a thousand shames
that with his heart loves not King James.
O hone, honinonero, tarrararara,
tarrararara hone.

SOME VERSES TO HIS MAJESTY JAMES I

[*Written by the Author at the time of his Majesty's First Entry into England.*]

STAY, tragic Muse, with those untimely verses,
With raging accents and with dreadful sounds,
To draw dead monarchs out of ruined hearses,
T' affright th' applauding world with bloody wounds;
Raze all the monuments of horrors past,
T' advance the public mirth our treasures waste.
. . . . . .
For ye the potentates of former times,
Making your will a right, your force a law:
Staining your conquest with a thousand crimes,
Still reigned like tyrants, but obeyed for awe:
And whilst your yoke none willingly would bear,
Died oft the sacrifice of wrath and fear.

But this age great with glory hath brought forth
A matchless monarch whom peace highly raises,

Who as th' untainted ocean of all worth
As due to him, hath swallowed all your praises.
Whose clear excellences long known for such,
All men must praise, and none can praise too much.

For that which others hardly could acquire,
With loss of thousands' lives and endless pain,
Is heapt on him even by their own desire,
That thirst t' enjoy the fruits of his blest reign :
And never conqueror gained so great a thing,
As those wise subjects gaining such a king.

But what a mighty state is this I see ?
A little world that all true worth inherits,
Strong without art, entrenched within the sea,
Abounding in brave men full of great spirits :
It seems this isle would boast, and so she may,
To be the sovereign of the world some day.

O generous James, the glory of their parts,
In large dominions equal with the best :
But the most mighty monarch of men's hearts,
That ever yet a diadem possest :
Long mayest thou live, well loved and free from dangers,
The comfort of thine own, the terror of the strangers.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER (Earl of Stirling).

"WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS"

WE be three poor Mariners, newly come from the Seas,
We spend our lives in jeopardy, while others live at ease.
Shall we go dance the Round, around ?
shall we go dance the Round ?
And he that is a Bully-boy,
come, pledge me on this ground !

We care not for those Martial-men that do our states
disdain ;
But we care for those Merchant-men that do our states
maintain :
To them we dance this Round, around ;
to them we dance this Round ;
And he that is a Bully-boy,
come, pledge me on this ground !

RAVENSCROFT'S *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE

[*This piece of narrative in verse has been included not as great poetry, although it is tolerable satire, but as an indication of the small talk of the day, such as we might now hear in a railway carriage.*]

I SING no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
To lord or fool, beggar, or knight,
To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave
Reformèd or reducèd captain, knave,
Officer, juggler, or justice of the peace,
Juror or judge ; I touch no fat sow's grease ;
I am no libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) say there are too many :
I fear not *ore tenus* ; for my tale
Nor count nor councillor will look red or pale.
A citizen and his wife the other day,
Both riding on one horse, upon the way
I overtook . . .
To get acquaintance with him, I began
To sort discourse fit for so fine a man ;
I asked the number of the Plaguing Bill,
Asked if the custom-farmers held out still :

Ore tenus, A lawyer's term meaning " by word of mouth."
Plaguing Bill, The returns made of the number of deaths from the Plague.

Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffic of the Island seas had marred ;
Whether the Britain Burse did fill apace,
And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace ;
Of new-built Aldgate, and the Moorfield crosses,
Of store of bankrupts and poor merchants' losses,
I urgèd him to speak ; but he (as mute
As an old courtier worn to his last suit)
Replies with only yeas and nays ; at last
(To fit his element) my theme I cast
On tradesmen's gains ; that set his tongue agoing,
Alas, good Sir, (quoth he), there is no doing
In court nor city. . . . He went on apace
And at the present times with such a face
He railed, as frayed me ; for he gave no praise
To any but my Lord of Essex days :
Call those the age of action : true (quoth he)
There's now as great an itch of bravery
And heat of taking up, but cold lay-down ;
For put to push of pay, away they run ;
In the first state of their creation
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous paymaster. Thus ran he on
In a continued rage : so void of reason
Seemed his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
And (troth) how could I less ? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Mayor,
And his wise brethren's worships, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say amen with faith.
To get him off from what I glowed to hear,
(In happy time) an angel did appear,
The bright sign of a loved and well-tried inn,
Where many citizens with their wives had been
Well-used and often ; here I prayed him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way.

JOHN DONNE.

Ward, The notorious pirate who flourished from 1603–15. He stole his first ship, manned it with his drinking companions, captured

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT BETWEEN CAPTAIN WARD AND THE "RAINBOW"

STRIKE up you lusty gallants
with music and sound of drum,
For we have descried a Rover
upon the Sea is come ;
His name is Captain *Ward*,
right well it doth appear,
There has not been such a Rover
found out this thousand year :

For he hath sent unto the King,
the sixth of *January*,
Desiring that he might come in
with all his company ;
And if your King will let me come,
till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransom,
full thirty tun of gold.

O nay, O nay, then said our King,
O nay, this may not be,
To yield to such a Rover,
myself will not agree ;
He hath deceived the *French* man,
likewise the King of *Spain*,
And how can he be true to me,
that has been false to twain ?

With that our King provided
a ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow is she called,
if you would know her name :

a French ship, and finally joined the Corsairs, harassing all shipping that he could find. He is the subject of many ballads, but the best known, "Captain Ward and the *Rainbow*," records an incident which is quite imaginary.

Now the gallant *Rainbow*
she rows upon the Sea,
Five hundred gallant Seamen
to bear her company.

The *Dutch* man and the *Spaniard*,
she made them for to fly,
Also the bonny *French* man,
as she met him on the sea.
When as this gallant *Rainbow*
did come where *Ward* did lie ;
Where is the Captain of this ship ?
this gallant *Rainbow* did cry.

O that am I, says Captain *Ward*,
there's no man bids me lie ;
And if thou art the King's fair ship,
thou art welcome unto me.
I'll tell thee what, says *Rainbow*,
our King is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lie upon the Sea,
and play the arrant thief,

And will not let our merchants ships
pass as they did before ;
Such tidings to our King is come,
which grieves his heart full sore.
With that this gallant *Rainbow*
she shot out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces,
charged on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters
prevailèd not a pin,
Though they were brass on the outside,
brave *Ward* was steel within ;
Shoot on, shoot on, says Captain *Ward*,
your sport well pleaseth me,

And he that first gives over,
shall yield unto the Sea.

I never wronged an *English* ship
but *Turk* and King of *Spain*,
And the jovial *Dutch* man,
as I met on the Main.
If I had known your King
but one two years before,
I would have saved brave *Essex* life,
whose death did grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of *England*,
go tell him thus from me,
If he reign King of all the Land,
I will reign King at Sea.
With that the gallant *Rainbow* shot,
and shot, and shot in vain,
And left the Rover's company,
and home returned again.

Our Royal King of *England*,
your ship's returned again,
For *Ward's* ship is so strong
it never will be ta'en.
O everlasting, says our King,
I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the Seas,
and brought proud *Ward* to me :

The first was Lord *Clifford*,
Earl of *Cumberland* ;
The second was Lord *Mountjoy*,
as you shall understand ;
The third was brave *Essex*
from field would never flee,
Which would have gone unto the Seas
and brought proud *Ward* to me.

THE PEDLAR'S BALLAD

(About 1620)

[*The Pedlar opening of his Pack,*
To know of Maids what 'tis they lack.
To the tune of "Last Christmas 'twas my chance."]

WHO is it will repair,
or come and see my packet :
Where there's a store of Ware,
if any of you lack it,
view the Fare.

Fair Maidens, come and see,
if here be aught will please you :
And if we can agree,
I'll give you just your due,
or ne'er trust me.

And if that you do please
to see my Fardle open,
My burden for to ease,
I hope that we shall Copen
then straightways.

From *Turkey*, *France* and *Spain*,
do come my chiefest Treasure,
Which doth cost much pain,
I sell by weight and measure,
for small gain.

Far-fetched *Indian* ware ;
and *China* hard to enter :
Which to get is rare,
costs many lives to venture,
we ne'er care.

From *Venice* City comes
great store of rare Complexion,
From western Isles your Gums
to keep Teeth from infection,
and from Rheums.

Here is a water rare,
will make a wench that's fifty
For to look more fair
than one that wants of twenty,
stilled from the air.

A Periwig to wear
or Cover for bare places :
If you have lost your hair,
full many one it graces :
'tis not dear.

Here's Poking sticks of steel,
and Crystal Looking Glasses :
Here globes that round will wheel
to see each one that passes,
Dildo Dill.

Pomado for your lips,
to make them soft and ruddy :
And sweet as Cypress chips,
a lustre like a Ruby
soon it gets.

. . . . .

Rebatoes, Tires, and Rings,
Scissors and a Thimble ;
And many pretty things,
to keep your fingers nimble,
weaving strings.

Silks of any hue,
and Spanish needles plenty :

Thread both white and blue,
like me not one 'mongst twenty,
can fit you.

. . . . . .

Sponges for your face,
or Soap that came from *Turkey*:
Your favour it will grace,
if that you be not dirty,
in no place.

Rich embroidered Gloves,
to draw upon your white hand:
Or to give your Loves,
a Ruff or falling band,
my pretty Doves.

Scarves that came from *Cadiz*,
or points and laces lack you;
Inkle made in Wales,
I finely can beknack you:
tell no tales.

Bone lace who will buy,
that came from *Flanders* lately:
Pray do not think I lie,
but I will serve you straightly,
by-and-by.

Pins both white and red,
of all sorts and sizes;
Plums and Ginger bread,
My Wares of divers prices,
Books to read.

Venice Glasses fine,
were newly made in London:
To drink your Beer or Wine,
come now my Pack's undone,
speak betime.

Lawn and Cambric pure,
as good as e'er was worn:
Like iron it will dure,
until that it be torn,
be you sure.

Here's many other things,
as Jews' trumps, pipes and Babies:
St. *Martin's* Beads and Rings,
and other toys for Ladies,
Knots and strings.

All you that want my Ware,
approach unto my Standing:
Where I will use you fair,
without deceit or cunning,
to a hair.

And as my Ware doth prove,
so let me take your money:
My pretty Turtle Dove,
that sweeter is than honey,
which is Love.

Printed at London by E. A.

THE SPANISH GIPSY

[*These songs are taken from "The Spanish Gipsy," which, though published in* 1653, *was probably written before* 1623, *by Middleton and Rowley. The lyrics are probably by Rowley.*

Gipsies arrived in England at the beginning of the sixteenth century from Austria and Hungary. They soon gained a reputation for dishonesty, which was exaggerated into charges of dealing with the devil and of cannibalism. Severe laws were passed against them, and Elizabethan popular literature is full of their knaveries. These songs are in a sense a defence.]

I

Trip it, gipsies, trip it fine,
Show tricks and lofty capers;

At threading-needles we repine,
And leaping over rapiers:
Pindy-pandy rascal toys!
We scorn cutting purses;
Though we live by making noise,
For cheating none can curse us.

Over high ways, over low,
And over stones and gravel,
Though we trip it on the toe,
And thus for silver travel;
Though our dances waste our backs,
At night fat capons mend them;
Eggs well brewed in buttered sack,
Our wenches say, befriend them.

Welcome, poet, to our ging!
Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason,
Canary bees thy brains shall sting,
Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason;
Peter-see-me shall wash thy nowl;
And Malaga glasses fox thee;
If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
Thou shalt not kiss a doxy.

II

Brave Dons, cast your eyes
On our gipsy fashions:
In our antic hey-de-guize
We go beyond all nations;
Plump Dutch
At us grutch,

Threading-needles, An old game.
Peter-see-me, This stands for *Pedro Ximenes*, the name of a Spanish wine. *Nowl*, Noddle. *Fox*, Make drunk.
Doxy, Sweetheart. *Hey-de-guize*, The name of a round dance.

So do English, so do French,
He that lopes
On the ropes,
Show me such another wench.

We no camels have to show,
Nor elephant with growt head;
We can dance, he cannot go,
Because the beast is corn-fed;
No blind bears
Shedding tears,
For a collier's whipping;
Apes nor dogs
Quick as frogs,
Over cudgels skipping.

Jack-in-boxes, nor decoys,
Puppets, nor such poor things,
Nor are we those roaring boys
That cozen fools with gilt rings;
For an ocean
Not such a motion
As the city Nineveh;
Dancing, singing,
And fine ringing,
You these sports shall hear and see.

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

A ROYAL SONNET

[*Prefixed to His Majesty's Instructions to his Dearest Son, Henry the Prince.*]

GOD gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on His throne His sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.

Lopes, Leaps.

Jack-in-boxes were thieves or tricksters who got their name from their habit of appearing at street corners and suddenly disappearing, like Jack-in-the-box.

If then ye would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of your Heavenly King,
And from His Law make all your laws to spring,
Since His lieutenant here ye should remain :
Reward the just ; be steadfast, true, and plain ;
Repress the proud, maintaining ay the right ;
Walk always so as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane.
And so ye shall in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty King divine.

KING JAMES I.

A RECANTATION OF AN ILL LEDDE LIFE

[*John Clavell, highwayman* (*and gent., as he describes himself on the title page of his poem*), *was reprieved at the coronation of King Charles I. He celebrated his release by this composition, which contains many expressions of repentance and sundry advice to travellers. The selections given below are taken from the second edition, printed in* 1628.]

The Assault

So being come together, there you lie
In some odd corner, whence you may descry
Such booties as shall pass, and then says he
That is the oldest Thief, " Be ruled by me,
And mark what I shall say. Thus must you place
Your Masks and Chin-clothes, thus then you your face
May soon disguise, and what is he can swear
Directly and precisely who we were ;
And that your words may yield a differing tone,
Put in your mouths each one a pebble stone.
Now must we choose a watchword somewhat common,
As *What's a clock* for fear lest we should summon
Their thoughts into suspicion. Then, be sure,
The word once named, each man to deal secure.

We that are strongest at the gripe will seize,
Then be assured for to observe me these ;
With your left hand to catch the bridle fast,
And let the right upon the sword be cast.
The one prevents escaping, t'other then
Quells their resistance. Let our weaker men
That are not thus employed cry boldly, Stand !
And with their Swords and Pistols them command."
Perhaps whilst he is talking yet one cries,
" Arm, Arm *Camaradas*, yonder comes a prize ! "
If up the hill you meet, if down they ride
You follow after, and then side by side
Each having singled out his chosen one
And the Coast clear, you jointly seize upon.
And then in truth 'tis very strange to see
What different qualities in men there be :
You shall have able fellows, strong, well set
As ere your eyes beheld, when they are met
And set upon (great Boobies) tremble, quiver,
And cry like children at the word *Deliver*,
Though to affright them there's no weapon drawn,
Nor money in their purses to be ta'en.
Such cowards there are many. Others then
(That are as Pigmies to these taller men),
Though they are ne'er so threatened to be shot
Or to be straightways murdered, fear it not ;
But fight courageously whilst they have breath,
Not daunted at the present show of death.
On disadvantages yet being so caught
(Not yielding though) by you strong thieves are brought
With their sad fellows, likewise in the lurch,
Out of the way, where you begin your search.
Then every place about them you so sift
That 'tis impossible that they should shift
A penny out of sight ; and if so be
You find some gold that's quilted privately,
You call them villains and dishonest men

For their intended cozenage. Haply then
The Traveller cries out he is undone,
Because in that all his estate is won ;
Which moves not, for your consciences are gross,
You value gain, and not the poor man's loss.
Then swop your horses most familiarly ;
Exchange you tell them is no robbery.
And next most desperately you make them swear
That they shall neither follow you, nor sear
The Country with a *Hue and Cry*. So vexed,
Robbed, rifled, destitute, amazed, perplexed
You leave them and are gone they know not whither,
Nor scarce the number, but you went together.

Instructions to the Honest Traveller, that he may pass in safety

(*What he is to take heed unto, before he take his journey*)

When as you carry charge let no man know,
Nor of your money, nor yet when you go.
You have an humour when you are to ride,
Your Neighbours, Kinsmen, or your friends you bid
To sup, or break their fast, only to drink
Healths to your good return. You little think
There's any harm in this ; yet I have known
A Father thus betrayed by his own Son,
A Brother by a Brother, and a friend,
Most dear in outward show, to condescend
And lay the plot with thieves, bid them prepare—
Such a prize comes, whereof he takes a share.
. . . . . .
You often choose
Some one to guard you, for fear you should lose
Your money by the way ; you do rely
Both on his valour and his honesty.

Now as you ride together, if he see
You light on any other company,
He rounds you in the ear (as if he took
The greatest care) and says that your man's look
He likes not. You, persuaded, slack your pace
So that alone he brings you to the place
Where his confederates lie, and then surprised
(As 'twas by him and them before decised)
They hack and hew against each other's sword,
Till threatened to be *shot*, you give the word,
And bid him yield (which he seems loth to do),
Nay, more, he is informed which way they go,
And as you follow with a *Hue and Cry*,
He will be sure to lead you quite awry.

(*How to carry himself in his Inn*)

Oft in your Clothier's or your Grazier's Inn
You shall have Chamberlains that there have been
Placed purposely by thieves, or else consenting
By their large bribes, and by their often tempting,
That mark your purses drawn, and give a guess
What's there, within a little more or less.
Then will they gripe your cloak-bags, feel their weight.
There's likewise in my Host sometimes deceit.
If it be left in charge with him all night,
Unto his roaring guests he gives a light
Who spend full thrice as much in wine and beer
As you in those and all your other cheer.

(*The danger of travelling on the Sabbath day*)

Forbear to ride upon the Sabbath day,
In which God says, *Remember*, rest and pray,
For then the roads are quiet, and they know
None ride but those have great affairs to do ;
Which to effect, 'tis thought, they have about them

Decised, Decided, or misprint for devised.

Great store of coin, and this makes thieves misdoubt
them.
And as the Cut-purse is in prime of play
When men at Church do most devoutly pray,
So are the Highway Cutters ; for the *Devil*
Is not content to tempt them to do evil,
But teaches them presumption in the Act,
Which well he knows doth aggravate the fact.
Lastly, if you are robbed on that high day,
It is not fit that then the Country pay
Your money back again ; that remedy
The Judge in conscience will to you deny.
What reason is it men should leave to pray
To wait upon your thieves that run away ?
No, ride at lawful times, and you shall meet
Store of good company for you to keep.*

(*An instance, how dangerous it is to grow familiar with any Stranger upon the way*)

You and your friend perchance do ride together.
Your company's increasèd by another,
A seeming honest man ; and you are glad.
Where's two to one, suspicion none is had.
You call him fellow-traveller and he
Rejoices in your honest company.
About some two miles riding there o'ertakes
Some three of his companions. Then he shakes,
Trembles and quivers, and seems sore afraid,
And cries directly, " Friends, we are waylaid.
If you have charge about you let me know,
That I may cock my Pistol as I go."
By those or such-like words he will soon find
Whether or no your purse be richly lined ;
And whilst you thought there had been three to three
Your *Judas* is on t'other side you see.

* The local authority could be sued by those who had been robbed for the amount of their loss, as a penalty for not keeping their roads free of highwaymen (see page 38).

When there is set a certain prize indeed,
Then out of policy it is agreed
That one amongst them who can act it right
Shall be apparelled like a Country wight,
Clothèd in russet, or a leathern slop,
Which rolls of rotten hay shall underprop,
Meeting his hobnailed shoes half-way the leg ;
His waistcoat buckled with a hawthorn peg ;
His steeple felt, with greasy brims, inch broad,
Shall totter on his noddle ; then a goad
Serves for his riding rod. Thus fitly clad
And with a clownish posture (all as mad)
Mounted aside upon a wad of straw,
He rides up cheek by jowl. Can this man draw
Suspicion to your thoughts ? What can you fear ?
You will begin to chat. You love to hear
His silly answers and his Country phrase.
He with his feignèd silliness shall raise
Much mirth and laughter. Briefly he begins
To whistle *Robin Hood,* or else he sings
Some Country catch ; you like that humour too ;
You know Lobcockneys ever used to do
The like at plough and cart. But that begun
Immediately upon you he will run,
And seize you unawares ; then in come they
Who rode a distance from you on the way,
Presuming that your charge might make you fear,
And not to suffer them to come too near.

(*When to ride*)

Had you not need be wary, judge I pray,
Let me persuade you, do not ride by day
With any sum you are afraid to lose,
But in the night. Yet then take heed of those
Base Padding Rascals, for their *kill calf* law
I am not privy to. I never saw
Them nor their actions ; then I cannot show

How to prevent the thing I do not know.
But thus much I assure you, you are free
From any horsemen you shall meet or see.
For they believe that none will ride at night
But only those whose purses are too light,
And hardly worth the taking. Next they must
Keep lawful hours, for fear they through mistrust
Be apprehended, that's their chiefest care ;
And then again I know they hardly dare
Adventure in the dark, for they can spy
Neither advantage, opportunity,
Nor whether you have Pistols, nor yet know
Whether that you be likely men or no,
And you have time your money to convey,
And much more benefit by night than day.

(*Where to ride*)

This is a general rule and observation,
Your highway thieves do always keep their station
Upon your greatest roads, that out of those
That do pass by they may both pick and choose ;
And so they call the likeliest out of many.
But on your petty By-roads, where scarce any
Are wont to travel, they ne'er use to be,
You may be safe from any jeopardy
If here you coast, which I advise you to,
Rather than on your great high roads to go.

(*How to ride*)

You have an idle custom when you ride
By any dangerous place, then side by side
You bustle up together close ; but know,
You work by this means your own overthrow.
Here I advise which way so e'er you ride
A Butt's length distance at the least divide
Yourselves from one another ; so keep on ;

For I assure you, they ne'er set upon
A scattered troop for fear of some's escaping,
Which may endanger their immediate taking :
Besides, their company they do divide
And set at several stands, and should you ride
All in a cluster, they will sally out
Before, behind, and compass you about.

(*What is to be done, if he be beset*)

Let me tell you now
What you have next to do ; If you espy
(As you may guess by my discovery)
That there are thieves amongst you, do not gaze
On this and t'other side, nor in a maze
Affrighted stand, as if your only hope
Were some to rescue you ; that will provoke
And not dishearten them ; then mind it not,
But be as though all fear you had forgot,
And look as big as they. And if they proffer
Be sure to draw as soon's they make the offer.
Remember then, the cause you have in hand,
Your reputation and your money stand
At gage in this, and if you dare not fight,
It grieves me much to do you thus much right.
They (if they find you resolute and stout)
Dare even as well be hanged as fight it out,
Not out of cowardice, but that they know,
To their discomforts, that in fighting so
They strive against a Country, Justice, Law,
Right, Equity, and these keep them in awe.
Some though are somewhat resolutely bent
'Tis true, yet it is far from their intent
To shed your blood, for they in doing so
Should work their own immediate overthrow.
They could not then subsist ; for though they pass
Sought after slightly for the money's loss,
Should they take life and all they could not ride

To any place where they might safely bide ;
But through continual search they would be found,
And then pay dearly for each bloody wound.
This the event would be, which they well know.
Rather than hurt you, they will let you go,
And stay a while until they meet with some
Which their fair words or threats will overcome.
Besides, the right is of your side, and though
You are o'ermatched, God may enable you so,
Those Caitiffs may be vanquished by your hand.
Then what good service you shall do your land,
Your Prince, and Commonwealth, you may suppose
Even in the act of apprehending those
Who live upon the spoil. Then hold them play
And yours shall be the honour of the day.

(*A foul fault whereof many Travellers are guilty*)

But 'tis a fault of yours you do consent
And yield too patiently. You are content
Not only to be robbed, but let them go,
And basely wish they may escape, that so
The Country may be liable ; for why,
If they not taken be with *Hue and Cry !*
You must have all restored, and what care you ?
One thing more I will tell you, which is true,
You often double and misname the sum.
You know the *hundred* willing is to come
To composition with you. If they do
You cozen both the thieves and Country too.
And when you tell the story, then although
You were robbed fairly, and but two to two,
You say they were five, six, or at least four,
And that you fought it out about an hour.
And then you cut and slash your harmless clothes,
And say that in the fight 'twas done by those
That took your money, which God knows you gave
Without resistance, ere they scarce did crave.

(*If by chance he be unawares surprised, how to behave himself*)

But now suppose through negligence you fall
Into their clutches, and surprised withal,
Thus yet I will advise you ; if you see
That you must yield and overmastered be,
Strive not at all, but give the fairest words
Your best intention and your wit affords.
Wish that you had more moneys, and withal
Deliver some, and so perhaps you shall
By searching of yourselves and freeness too
Without a further re-examining go.
But if they make an offer, do not you
Seem to dislike what they do mean to do.
Then will they sift you soundly. Do not hold
Your hand upon your money ; they are told
Thus where it is, and surely they will guess
That they have not all by your fearfulness.

(*Being robbed, how to follow, which way to set forth Hue and Cry, how to coast, and where to find the Thieves*)

Yet lose no time, but on with all the speed
That possible you can, and then take heed ;
It much concerns you, for when they espy
That you pursue, the foremost cunningly
Falls into some by lane ; 'tis undescried,
For you suppose they altogether ride.
So whilst you think you keep at distance far,
Anew amidst them you surprisèd are.
Here's their main plot, you are forewarned. But say
You cannot overtake them, and that they
Have left the road, and you in a great doubt
So that you know not how to find them out.
Let me direct you ; I will instance thus :
Suppose on *Colebrook* way you lost your purse,

The thieves to *Uxbridge* road or Staines will ride,
And not to fail will there all night abide.
It stands by reason, for they know full well
None use to travel thus athwart to tell
The Passages or to describe the men.
They rest at pleasure, and are gone again,
Ere that the lazy tithing *Hue and Cry*
Comes to enquire, and the authority
Of some poor silly fellow, who is placed
In that mean office, that he may be graced
For double diligence oft as he goes,
Through wretched wilfulness attaches those
That ne'er meant harm, yet being apprehended,
They often lose their lives, though none offended.
But to deal safe and sure, without delay
Scour you the next great right and left hand way.
And if at night you miss, a careful spy
Next day shall surely see them riding by.
Grant now they leave this custom ; all their art,
Their wit, invention, never can impart
The like again. I vow, I do not see
Whither they can betake them to be free,
But by the way they know thus much, if they light
On a great sum, then they will ride that night
Unto their *Rendezvous* here in the City,
Which is too sure a shelter (more's the pity).
But follow my advice and mark me well,
For here a cunning plot of theirs I tell :
If you are robbed out in the Eastern quarter,
When you with *hue and cry* the Thieves make after,
Ride not to London in the road you were,
Nor raise those parts ; you will not find them there.
But hie to *Westminster*, *Holborn*, the *Strand*,
And for a speedy search there give command.
If Northward they light on you, straightways ride
And search both *Southwark*, *Lambeth*, and *Bankside*.
Thus they do always plant themselves, for so
They have the City betwixt them and you ;

And ere your search comes at them (by the way
Which often dies) there's time at will to stay.

(*An extraordinary charge the Country usually put themselves unto, which is both needless and hurtful*)

I do protest here I did ever hold,
(And found it by experience) that highway,
That had a watch upon it, best for prey.
For first the honest travellers suppose
It is impossible that they should lose
Their money, being guarded thus ; and hence
They grow more careless, doubting none offence
Can any ways betide them ; whilst, alas,
A thief may do his list, and freely pass,
The watchmen ne'er the wiser. For they stand
Settled at one place by a strict command.
It is indifferent where the thief lays hold.
His booty singled out, he will make bold
To seize him any where. All places are
Alike to him, he will not care
So that the coast be clear, and then how can
He be distinguished from an honest man ?
I never passed by but the watchmen gave
Me courteous language, wishing me to have
A special care I was not robbed ; whilst I
Was a chief actor of that villainy.
But now suppose they had examined me,
I would have answered them so courteously
That they could not suspect. Now what are they
That are appointed watchmen for the way ?
Poor, silly, old, decrepit men, that are
Fitting for naught else, but to loiter there.
Have I not seen a dozen such all stand
(With each of them a Halberd in his hand)
Amazed, affrighted, and durst never quatch,
Whilst we before their faces all did catch,
Assault, seize, rifle such as did pass by.

When we were gone (perhaps) then would they cry,
Thieves, thieves! (to little purpose). I have known
Some that by way of parley thus have grown
Familiar with the watch, and as they found
A fit occasion they have ta'en and bound
The silly fellows, hand and foot, then stood
Like a safe guard set for the Country's good,
With brown bills in their hands, and so made bold
(As with authority) to stop and hold
All that did come that way. I do suppose
A watch of Halberdeers were good for those
Foot-padding night-thieves, but for these you see
Such care and trouble all in vain will be.
But if you will needs have it so, choose then
Strong, able, stout, and resolute young men.
Arm them with Bow, and Arrows, Muskets, Shot,
And with a Horse or two, that they may not
Be thus abused, but if occasion be
May follow on to purpose. But by me
And mine instructions here, I hope you shall
Be well secured, and need no watch at all.

JOHN CLAVELL.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER

[*Who sickened and died in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague.*]

(About 1630)

HERE lies old Hobson ; * Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,

* The same Hobson as gave his name to the proverb "Hobson's Choice." He compelled the person who hired a horse of him to take the one standing next to the stable-door, "so that every customer should have an equal chance of being well served, and every horse be used in its turn," as the *Spectator* tells us in its 509th Number.

He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had many time this ten years full,
Dodged with him between Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed ;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light :
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supped, and's newly gone to bed.

JOHN MILTON.

AN ODE TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD TO HASTEN HIM INTO THE COUNTRY *

COME, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town :
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war—
'Tis time that I grew wise, when all the world grows mad.

* Compare Sir Richard Fanshawe's "Ode upon the occasion of His Majesty's proclamation in the year 1630, commanding the gentry to reside upon their estates in the country."

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise ;
Or to make sport
For some light Puisne of the Inns of Court.
Then worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day ?
With what delights
Shorten the nights ?
When from this tumult we are got secure,
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose ;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure ?

There from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry ;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show :
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap and wives of Lombard Street.

. . . . . .

Of this no more !
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then, full, we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made ;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire ;

The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes;
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly;
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose;
The buck shall fall,
The stag, and all.
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free:
Heaven, earth are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody;
Which he that hears,
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain:
Then I another pipe will take
And Doric music make,
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN

AM I mad, O noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the pope,
As well as the best in the College?

Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets:
Come hear me pray, nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the house of pure Emmanuel
I had my education;
Where my friends surmise
I dazzled mine eyes
With the light of revelation.
Boldly, etc.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They lashed my four poor quarters;
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of Fox's martyrs.
Boldly, etc.

These injuries I suffer
Through Anti-Christ's persuasions:
Take off this chain,
Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasions.
Boldly, etc.

. . . . . .

I appeared before the archbishop,
And all the high commission:
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face
That he favoured superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets:
Come hear me pray, nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

RICHARD CORBET, D.D.
(Bishop of Oxford and Norwich).

Emmanuel, Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY; OR, THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S SUFFERINGS

You Gentlemen of *England*,
that lives at home at ease,
Full little do you think upon
the Dangers of the Seas:
Give ear unto the Mariners,
and they will plainly show,
The cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be Seamen,
must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the Seas,
you must not think to start:
Nor once to be faint hearted,
in hail, rain, or snow,
Nor to shrink, nor to shrink,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
poor Seamen must endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
we seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbed
with visions strange to know,
And with Dreams, on the Streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our Ships to stray
beyond our wonted course;
Which causeth great distractions,
and sinks our hearts full low,
'Tis in vain to complain
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes on *Neptune's* bosom,
our Ship is lost in waves,
And every man expecting
the Sea to be their graves :
Then, up aloft she mounteth,
and down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer ;
with all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'tis that must bear us out ;
To God we call for succour,
for He it is we know,
That must aid us and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The Lawyer and the Usurer,
that sits in gowns of Fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm,
abroad they need not stir ;
When winter fierce, with cold doth pierce,
and beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
and Jewels of great price,
To serve our *English* Gallantry
with many a rare device :
To please the *English* Gallantry
our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and we moil
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies
to fetch home Spices rare,

Sometimes 'gain, to France and Spain
for wines beyond compare ;
While gallants are carousing
in Taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
and greatest fears are past,
Ay, weather fair and temperate air,
we straight lie down to rest ;
But, when the billows tumble,
and waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
when *England* is at wars
With any foreign Nations,
we fear not wounds and scars ;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
our Valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the Keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
but *Englishmen* true bred,
We'll play our parts like valiant hearts,
and never fly for dread ;
We'll ply our business nimbly,
where'er we come or go,
With our Mates to the Straights,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave Mariners,
and never be dismayed,
Whilst we have bold adventures,
we ne'er shall want a trade ;

Our Merchants will employ us
to fetch them wealth, I know,
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
with wages for our pains,
The Tapster and the Vintner
will help to share our gains;
We'll call for liquor roundly,
and pay before we go,
Then we'll roar, on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

STRAFFORD

Act I, Scene i.

A House near Whitehall.

Hampden, Hollis, *the younger* Vane, Rudyard, Fiennes *and many of the Presbyterian Party:* Loudon *and other Scots Commissioners.*

Vane. I say, if he be here—
Rud. (And he is here!)—
Hol. For England's sake let every man be still
Nor speak of him, so much as say his name,
Till Pym rejoin us! Rudyard! Henry Vane!
One rash conclusion may decide our course
And with it England's fate—think—England's fate!
Hampden, for England's sake they should be still!
Vane. You say so, Hollis? Well, I must be still.
It is indeed too bitter that one man,
Any one man's mere presence should suspend
England's combined endeavour: little need
To name him!

Rud. For you are his brother, Hollis!
Hamp. Shame on you, Rudyard! time to tell him that,
When he forgets the Mother of us all.
Rud. Do I forget her?
Hamp. You talk idle hate
Against her foe: is that so strange a thing?
Is hating Wentworth all the help she needs?
A Puritan. The Philistine strode, cursing as he went:
But David—five smooth pebbles from the brook
Within his scrip . . .
Rud. Be you as still as David!
Fien. Here's Rudyard not ashamed to wag a tongue
Stiff with ten years' disuse of Parliaments;
Why, when the last sat, Wentworth sat with us!
Rud. Let's hope for news of them now he returns—
He that was safe in Ireland, as we thought!
—But I'll abide Pym's coming.
Vane. Now, by Heaven
They may be cool who can, silent who will—
Some have a gift that way! Wentworth is here,
Here, and the King's safe closeted with him
Ere this. And when I think on all that's past
Since that man left us, how his single arm
Rolled the advancing good of England back
And set the woeful past up in its place,
Exalting Dagon where the Ark should be,—
How that man has made firm the fickle King
(Hampden, I will speak out!)—in aught he feared
To venture on before; taught tyranny
Her dismal trade, the use of all her tools,
To ply the scourge yet screw the gag so close
That strangled agony bleeds mute to death—
How he turns Ireland to a private stage
For training infant villainies, new ways
Of wringing treasure out of tears and blood,

Unheard oppressions nourished in the dark
To try how much man's nature can endure
—If he dies under it, what harm ? if not,
Why, one more trick is added to the rest
Worth a king's knowing, and what Ireland bears
England may learn to bear :—how all this while
That man has set himself to one dear task,
The bringing Charles to relish more and more
Power, power without law, power and blood too,
Can I be still ?

Hamp. For that you should be still.

Vane. Oh Hampden, then and now ! The year he left us,
The People in full Parliament could wrest
The Bill of Rights from the reluctant King ;
And now, he'll find in an obscure small room
A stealthy gathering of great-hearted men
That take up England's cause : England is here !

Hamp. And who despairs of England ?

Rud. That do I,
If Wentworth comes to rule her. I am sick
To think her wretched masters, Hamilton,
The muckworm Cottington, the maniac Laud,
May yet be longed for back again. I say,
I do despair.

Vane. And, Rudyard, I'll say this—
Which all true men say after me, not loud
But solemnly and as you'd say a prayer !
This King, who treads our England underfoot,
Has just so much . . . it may be fear or craft,
As bids him pause at each fresh outrage ; friends,
He needs some sterner hand to grasp his own,
Some voice to ask, " Why shrink ? Am I not by ? "
Now, one whom England loved for serving her,
Found in his heart to say, " I know where best
The iron heel shall bruise her, for she leans
Upon me when you trample." Witness, you !
So Wentworth heartened Charles, so England fell.

But inasmuch as life is hard to take
From England . . .
Many Voices. Go on, Vane! 'Tis well said, Vane!
Vane. Who has not so forgotten Runnymead!—
Voices. 'Tis well and bravely spoken, Vane! Go on!
Vane. There are some little signs of late she knows
The ground no place for her. She glances round,
Wentworth has dropped the hand, is gone his way
On other service: what if she arise?
No! the King beckons, and beside him stands
The same bad man once more, with the same smile
And the same gesture. Now shall England crouch,
Or catch at us and rise?
Voices. The Renegade!
Haman! Ahithophel!
Hamp. Gentlemen of the North,
It was not thus the night your claims were urged,
And we pronounced the League and Covenant,
The cause of Scotland, England's cause as well:
Vane there, sat motionless the whole night through.
Vane. Hampden!
Fien. Stay, Vane!
Lou. Be just and patient, Vane!
Vane. Mind how you counsel patience, Loudon! you
Have still a Parliament, and this your League
To back it; you are free in Scotland still:
While we are brothers, hope's for England yet.
But know you wherefore Wentworth comes? to quench
This last of hopes? that he brings war with him?
Know you the man's self? what he dares?
Lou. We know,
All know—'tis nothing new.
Vane. And what's new, then,
In calling for his life? Why, Pym himself—

You must have heard—ere Wentworth dropped our cause
He would see Pym first ; there were many more
Strong on the people's side and friends of his,
Eliot that's dead, Rudyard and Hampden here,
But for these Wentworth cared not ; only, Pym
He would see—Pym and he were sworn, 'tis said,
To live and die together ; so, they met
At Greenwich. Wentworth, you are sure, was long,
Specious enough, the devil's argument
Lost nothing on his lips ; he'd have Pym own
A patriot could not play a purer part
Than follow in his track ; they two combined
Might put down England. Well, Pym heard him out ;
One glance—you know Pym's eye—one word was all :
" You leave us, Wentworth ! while your head is on,
I'll not leave you."

Hamp. Has he left Wentworth, then ?
Has England lost him ? Will you let him speak,
Or put your crude surmises in his mouth ?
Away with this ! Will you have Pym or Vane ?

Voices. Wait Pym's arrival ! Pym shall speak.

Hamp. Meanwhile
Let Loudon read the Parliament's report
From Edinburgh : our last hope, as Vane says,
Is in the stand it makes. Loudon !

Vane. No, no !
Silent I can be : not indifferent !

Hamp. Then each keep silence, praying God to spare
His anger, cast not England quite away
In this her visitation !

A Puritan. Seven years long
The Midianite drove Israel into dens
And caves. Till God sent forth a mighty man,

PYM *enters.*

Even Gideon !

Pym. Wentworth's come: nor sickness, care,
The ravaged body nor the ruined soul,
More than the winds and waves that beat his ship,
Could keep him from the King. He has not reached
Whitehall: they've hurried up a Council there
To lose no time and find him work enough.
Where's Loudon? your Scots Parliament . . .
Lou. Holds firm:
We were about to read reports.
Pym. The King
Has just dissolved your Parliament.
Lou. and other Scots. Great God!
An oath-breaker! Stand by us, England, then!
Pym. The King's too sanguine; doubtless Wentworth's here;
But still some little form might be kept up.
Hamp. Now speak, Vane! Rudyard, you had much to say!
Hol. The rumour's false, then . . .
Pym. Ay, the Court gives out
His own concerns have brought him back: I know
'Tis the King calls him: Wentworth supersedes
The tribe of Cottingtons and Hamiltons
Whose part is played; there's talk enough, by this,—
Merciful talk, the King thinks: time is now
To turn the record's last and bloody leaf
That, chronicling a nation's great despair,
Tells they were long rebellious, and their lord
Indulgent, till, all kind expedients tried,
He drew the sword on them and reigned in peace.
Laud's laying his religion on the Scots
Was the last gentle entry: the new page
Shall run, the King thinks, "Wentworth thrust it down
At the sword's point."
A Puritan. I'll do your bidding, Pym,
England's and God's—one blow!
Pym. A goodly thing—

We all say, friends, it is a goodly thing
To right that England. Heaven grows dark above :
Let's snatch one moment ere the thunder fall,
To say how well the English spirit comes out
Beneath it ! All have done their best, indeed,
From lion Eliot, that grand Englishman,
To the least here : and who, the least one here,
When she is saved (for her redemption dawns
Dimly, most dimly, but it dawns—it dawns)
Who'd give at any price his hope away
Of being named along with the Great Men ?
We would not—no, we would not give that up !
Hamp. And one name shall be dearer than all names.
When children, yet unborn, are taught that name
After their fathers',—taught what matchless man . . .
Pym. . . . Saved England ? What if Wentworth's should be still
That name ?
Rud. and others. We have just said it, Pym ! His death
Saves her ! We said it—there's no way beside !
I'll do God's bidding, Pym ! They struck down Joab
And purged the land.
Vane. No villainous striking-down !
Rud. No, a calm vengeance : let the whole land rise
And shout for it. No Feltons !
Pym. Rudyard, no !
England rejects all Feltons ; most of all
Since Wentworth . . . Hampden, say the trust again
Of England in her servants—but I'll think
You know me, all of you. Then, I believe,
Spite of the past, Wentworth rejoins you, friends !
Vane and others. Wentworth ? Apostate ! Judas ! Double-dyed
A traitor ! Is it Pym, indeed . . .

Pym. . . . Who says
Vane never knew that Wentworth, loved that man,
Was used to stroll with him, arm locked in arm,
Along the streets to see the people pass
And read in every island-countenance
Fresh argument for God against the King,—
Never sat down, say, in the very house
Where Eliot's brow grew broad with noble thoughts,
(You've joined us, Hampden—Hollis, you as well,)
And then left talking over Gracchus' death . . .

Vane. To frame, we know it well, the choicest clause
In the Petition of Rights : he framed such clause
One month before he took at the King's hand
His Northern Presidency, which that Bill
Denounced.

Pym. Too true ! Never more, never more
Walked we together ! Most alone I went.
I have had friends—all here are fast my friends—
But I shall never quite forget that friend.
And yet it could not but be real in him !
You, Vane,—you Rudyard, have no right to trust
To Wentworth : but can no one hope with me ?
Hampden, will Wentworth dare shed English blood
Like water ?

Hamp. Ireland is Aceldama.

Pym. Will he turn Scotland to a hunting-ground
To please the King, now that he knows the King ?
The People or the King ? and that King, Charles !

Hamp. Pym, all here know you ; you'll not set your heart
On any baseless dream. But say one deed
Of Wentworth's, since he left us . . .

Vane. [*Shouting without.* There ! he comes,
And they shout for him ! Wentworth's at Whitehall,
The King embracing him, now, as we speak,
And he, to be his match in courtesies,

Taking the whole war's risk upon himself,
Now, while you tell us here how changed he is !
Hear you ?
Pym. And yet if 'tis a dream, no more,
That Wentworth chose their side, and brought the King
To love it as though Laud had loved it first,
And the Queen after ;—that he led their cause
Calm to success, and kept it spotless through,
So that our very eyes could look upon
The travail of our souls and close content ;
That violence, which something mars even rights
Which sanction it, had taken off no grace
From its serene regard. Only a dream !
Hamp. We meet here to accomplish certain good
By obvious means, and keep tradition up
Of free assemblages, else obsolete,
In this poor chamber : nor without effect
Has friend met friend to counsel and confirm,
As, listening to the beats of England's heart,
We spoke its wants to Scotland's prompt reply
By these her delegates. Remains alone
That word grow deed, as with God's help it shall—
But with the devil's hindrance, who doubts too ?
Looked we or no that tyranny should turn
Her engines of oppression to their use ?
Whereof, suppose the worst be Wentworth here—
Shall we break off the tactics which succeed
In drawing out our formidablest foe,
Let bickering and disunion take their place ?
Or count his presence as our conquest's proof,
And keep the old arms at their steady play ?
Proceed to England's work ! Fiennes, read the list !
Fien. Ship-money is refused or fiercely paid
In every county, save the northern parts
Where Wentworth's influence . . . [*Shouting.*
Vane. I, in England's name,
Declare her work, this way, at end ! Till now,

Up to this moment, peaceful strife was best.
We English had free leave to think ; till now,
We had a shadow of a Parliament
In Scotland. But all's changed : they change the first,
They try brute-force for law, they, first of all . . .
Voices. Good ! Talk enough ! The old true hearts with Vane !
Vane. Till we crush Wentworth for her, there's no act
Serves England !
Voices. Vane for England !
Pym. Pym should be
Something to England. I seek Wentworth, friends.

. . . . . .

Act V, Scene ii

The Tower.

As Strafford *opens the door,* Pym *is discovered with* Hampden, Vane, *etc.* Strafford *falls back :* Pym *follows slowly and confronts him.*

Pym. Have I done well ? Speak, England ! Whose sole sake
I still have laboured for, with disregard
To my own heart,—for whom my youth was made
Barren, my manhood waste, to offer up
Her sacrifice—this friend, this Wentworth here—
Who walked in youth with me, loved me, it may be,
And whom, for his forsaking England's cause,
I hunted by all means (trusting that she
Would sanctify all means) even to the block
Which waits for him. And saying this, I feel
No bitterer pang than first I felt, the hour
I swore that Wentworth might leave us, but I

Would never leave him : I do leave him now.
I render up my charge (be witness, God !)
To England who imposed it. I have done
Her bidding—poorly, wrongly,—it may be,
With ill effects—for I am weak, a man :
Still, I have done my best, my human best,
Not faltering for a moment. It is done.
And this said, if I say . . . yes, I will say
I never loved but one man—David not
More Jonathan ! Even thus, I love him now :
And look for my chief portion in that world
Where great hearts led astray are turned again,
(Soon it may be, and, certes, will be soon :
My mission over, I shall not live long,)—
Ay, here I know I talk—I dare and must,
Of England, and her great reward, as all
I look for there ; but in my inmost heart,
Believe, I think of stealing quite away
To walk once more with Wentworth—my youth's friend
Purged from all error, gloriously renewed,
And Eliot shall not blame us. Then indeed . . .
This is no meeting, Wentworth ! Tears increase
Too hot. A thin mist—is it blood ?—enwraps
The face I loved once. Then, the meeting be !
Straf. I have loved England too ; we'll meet then, Pym ;
As well die now ! Youth is the only time
To think and to decide on a great course :
Manhood with action follows ; but 'tis dreary,
To have to alter our whole life in age—
The time past, the strength gone ! As well die now.
When we meet, Pym, I'd be set right—not now !
Best die. Then if there's any fault, it too
Dies, smothered up. Poor grey old little Laud
May dream his dream out, of a perfect Church,
In some blind corner. And there's no one left.

I trust the King now wholly to you, Pym!
And yet, I know not: I shall not be there:
Friends fail—if he have any. And he's weak,
And loves the Queen, and . . . Oh, my fate is nothing—
Nothing! But not that awful head—not that!
Pym. If England shall declare such will to me . . .
Straf. Pym, you help England! I, that am to die,
What I must see! 'tis here—all here! My God,
Let me but gasp out, in one word of fire,
How thou wilt plague him, satiating hell!
What? England that you help, become through you
A green and putrefying charnel, left
Our children . . . some of us have children, Pym—
Some who, without that, still must ever wear
A darkened brow, an over-serious look,
And never properly be young! No word?
What if I curse you? Send a strong curse forth
Clothed from my heart, lapped round with horror till
She's fit with her white face to walk the world
Scaring kind natures from your cause and you—
Then to sit down with you at the board-head,
The gathering for prayer . . . O speak, but speak!
. . . Creep up and quietly follow each one home,
You, you, you, be a nestling care for each
To sleep with,—hardly moaning in his dreams,
She gnaws so quietly,—till, lo, he starts,
Gets off with half a heart eaten away!
Oh shall you 'scape with less if she's my child?
You will not say a word—to me—to Him?
Pym. If England shall declare such will to me . . .
Straf. No, not for England now, not for Heaven now,—
See, Pym, for my sake, mine who kneel to you!
There, I will thank you for the death, my friend!
This is the meeting: let me love you well!

Pym. England,—I am thine own! Dost thou exact
That service? I obey thee to the end.
Straf. O God, I shall die first—I shall die first!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE BERMUDAS

The Song of the Emigrants *

WHERE the remote *Bermudas* ride
In th' Ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small Boat, that rowed along,
The list'ning Winds received this Song:
"What should we do but sing his Praise
That led us through the wat'ry Maze,
Unto an Isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge Sea-Monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their Backs.
He lands us on a grassy Stage;
Safe from the storms, and Prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the Fowls to us in care,
On daily Visits through the Air.
He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
Like golden Lamps in a green Night.
And does in the Pomegranates close,
Jewels more rich than *Ormus* shows.
He makes the Figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the Melons at our feet.
But Apples plants of such a price,
No Tree could ever bear them twice.
With Cedars, chosen by his hand,

* These were not the original Pilgrim Fathers of the *Mayflower* who left England in the reign of James I., but later Puritans who emigrated to escape the persecutions of Archbishop Laud.

From *Lebanon*, he stores the Land.
And makes the hollow Seas, that roar,
Proclaim the Ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's Pearl upon our Coast.
And in these Rocks for us did frame
A Temple, where to sound his Name.
Oh let our Voice his Praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's Vault:
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the *Mexique Bay*."
Thus sung they, in the *English* boat,
An holy and a cheerful Note,
And all the way, to guide their Chime,
With falling Oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

EPIGRAM

AGAINST the king, sir, now why would you fight ?
Forsooth, because he dubbed me not a knight.
And ye, my lords, why arm ye 'gainst King Charles ?
Because of lords he would not make us earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth these warlike bands ?
Because we will not quit the church's lands.
Most holy churchmen, what is your intent ?
The king our stipends largely did augment.
Commons to tumult thus why are you driven ?
Priests us persuade it is the way to Heaven.
Are these just cause for war ; good people, grant ?
Ho ! Plunder ! thou ne'er swore our covenant.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE

LET Kings Command, and do the best they may,
The saucy Subjects still will bear the sway.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON *

(April 1642)

When Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;

* The poet was imprisoned in the Gatehouse, Westminster, for delivering the Kentish petition, " For Restoring the King to his Rights."

If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY *

(1642)

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

JOHN MILTON.

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;

* After Edgehill, October 1642, the Royalists marched on London, but stopped at Brentford.

And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

POLITICAL SONGS

I. The Riddle (1644)

No more, no more,
We are already pined,
And sore and poor
In body and in mind :
And yet our sufferings have been
Less than our sin.
Come long-desirèd Peace, we thee implore,
And let our pains be less, or power more.

One body jars,
And with itself does fight ;
War meets with wars,
And might resisteth might ;
And both sides say they love the king,
And peace will bring.
Yet since these fatal civil broils begun,
Strange riddle ! both have conquered, neither won.

One God, one king,
One true religion still,
In every thing
One law both should fulfil :
All these both sides do still pretend
That they defend ;

Yet to increase the king and kingdom's woes,
Which side soever wins, good subjects lose.

The king doth swear
  That he doth fight for them ;
And they declare
  They do the like for him :
Both say they wish and fight for peace,
Yet wars increase.
So between both, before our wars be gone,
Our lives and goods are lost, and we're undone.

Since 'tis our curse
  To fight we know not why,
'Tis worse and worse
  The longer thus we lie.
For war itself is but a nurse
To make us worse ;
Come, blessed Peace ! we once again implore,
And let our pains be less, or power more.

II. The Commoners (1645)

Come your ways,
Bonny Boys
  Of the town,
For now is your time or never.
Shall your fears
Or your cares
  Cast you down ?
Hang your wealth
And your health.
  Get renown,
We are all undone for ever
Now the king and the crown
  Are tumbling down,
And the realm doth groan with disasters,
And the scum of the land

Are the men that command,
And the slaves become our masters.

Now our lives,
Children, wives,
And estate,
Are a prey to the lust and plunder,
To the rage
Of our age :
And the fate
Of our land
Is at hand :
'Tis too late
To tread these usurpers under.
First down goes the crown,
Then follows the gown,
Thus levelled are we all by the roundhead,
While church and state must
Feed their pride and their lust,
And the kingdom and king confounded.

Shall we still
Suffer ill
And be dumb ?
And let every varlet undo us ?
Shall we doubt
Of each lout,
That doth come,
With a voice
Like the noise
Of a drum,
And a sword or a buffcoat to us ?
Shall we lose our estates
By plunder and rates
To bedeck those proud upstarts that swagger ?
Rather fight for your meat
Which these locusts do eat,
Now every man's a beggar

III. The Royalist (1646)

Come, pass the bowl to me,
A health to our distressèd king,
Though we're in hold, let cups go free,—
Birds in a cage may freely sing.
The ground does tipple healths apace,
When storms do fall, and shall not we ?
A sorrow does not show his face,
When we are ships and sack's the sea.

Curse on this grief, hang wealth, let's sing,
Shall's kill ourselves for fear of death.
We'll live by the air which songs do bring,
Our sighing does but waste our breath.
Then let us not be discontent,
Nor drink a glass the less of wine ;
In vain they'll think our plagues are spent,
When once they see we don't repine.

We do not suffer here alone ;
Though we are beggared, so's the king,
'Tis sin t' have wealth, when he has none,
Tush ! poverty's a royal thing !
When we are larded well with drink,
Our heads shall turn as round as theirs,
Our feet shall rise, our bodies sink,
Clean down the wind, like cavaliers.

IV. The Leveller's Rant (1648)

To the hall, to the hall,
For justice we call
On the king and his powerful adherents and friends,
Who still have endeavoured, but we work their ends.
'Tis we will pull down whate'er is above us,
And make them to fear us, that never did love us,

We'll level the proud, and make every degree
To our royalty bow the knee.
'Tis no less than treason
'Gainst freedom and reason
For our brethren to be higher than we.

First the thing, called a king,
To judgment we bring,
And the spawn of the court, that were prouder than he,
And next the two houses united shall be :
It does to the Roman religion inveigle,
For the state to be two-headed like the spread-eagle ;
We'll purge the superfluous members away,
They are too many kings to sway,
And as we all teach,
'Tis our liberty's breach,
For the freeborn saints to obey.

ALEXANDER BROME.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

By Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, sergeant in Ireton's regiment.

(June 14, 1645)

OH ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day in June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name; and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys,
Bear up another minute; brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar:
And he—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broadpieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools, your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sunsets, your diamonds and your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope ;
There is woe in Oxford Halls ; there is wail in Durham's Stalls :
The Jesuit smites his bosom ; the Bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks of the edge of England's sword ;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

LORD MACAULAY.

CAVALIER TUNES

I. Marching Along

I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,

Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—

(CHORUS) *Marching along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

III

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

(CHORUS) *Marching along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

IV

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

(CHORUS) *March we along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II. Give a Rouse

I

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!

II

Who gave me the goods that went since ?
Who raised me the house that sank once ?
Who helped me to gold I spent since ?
Who found me in wine you drank once ?

(CHORUS) *King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?*
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
Give a rouse : here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles !

III

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begat him ?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him ?

(CHORUS) *King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?*
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
Give a rouse : here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles !

III. Boot and Saddle

I

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !
Rescue my castle, before the hot day
Brightens the blue from the silvery grey,

(CHORUS) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*

II

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say ;
Many's the friend there will listen and pray
" God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

(CHORUS) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !* "

III

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array :
Who laughs, " Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
(CHORUS) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !* "

IV

Who ? My wife Gertrude, that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, " Nay !
I've better counsellors ; what counsel they ?
(CHORUS) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !* "

ROBERT BROWNING.

BALLAD PUBLISHED ABOUT 1646

[*Alas poor Trades-men what shall we do ?*
Or,
LONDON'S *Complaint through badness of Trading,*
For work being scant, their substance is fading.
To the tune of " Hallow my Fancy, whither wilt thou go ? "]

AMIDST of melancholy trading,
out of my store,
I found my substance fading
all my household viewing,
which to ruin
Falls daily more and more :
Forth then I went
And walkt about the City,
Where I beheld
What moved my heart with pity :
And being home returned
I thought upon this ditty,
Alas poor Trades-men
What shall we do.

Shops, Shops, Shops, I descry now
with Windows ready shut,
They'll neither sell nor buy now,
Whilst our Lords and Gentry,
are i' th' Country,
the more is our grief god wot :
Woe to the causers
Of this separation
Which bred the civil
Wars in this Nation,
It is the greatest cause
Of *London's* long vacation,
Alas poor Trades-men
What shall we do.

Forts in the fields new erected
where multitudes do run,
To see the same effected :
All their judgment spending,
and commending
the same to be well done :
But yet I fear,
Our digging and our ramming
Scarce can defend
The poorest sort from famine,
For all the rich may have
As much as they can cram in,
Alas poor Trades-men
What shall we do.

One may perhaps have large
whilst thousand more complains
Oppressed with their charge :
All this care and toiling,
with formoiling,
affords but little gains :
In hopes of peace
Ourselves have deluded,
That on our store

So far we have intruded,
Except a happy peace
Amongst us be concluded,
Alas poor Trades-men
What shall we do.

The Second Part. To the same Tune

Corn God be thankt is not scant yet
and yet for aught we know
The poorer sort may want it.
In the midst of plenty
more than twenty
have found it to be so :
For if they have not
Money for to buy it,
The richer sort they
Have hearts for to deny it,
If that you'll not believe me,
You'll find it when you try it,
Alas poor Trades-men
What shall we do.

Whilst we were well employed,
and need not for to play,
We plenty there enjoyed :
Every week a Noble
clear without trouble,
is better than eight pence a day :
Yet on the Sabbath day
We used to rest us,
And went to th' Church
To pray, and God hath blest us.
But since the civil wars
Begun for to molest us
Alas poor Trades-men
What shall we do.

All things so out of order,
the Father kills the Son,

Yet this they count no murder.
Wars are necessary,
oh no, but tarry,
I wish they'd not been begun,
For where a Kingdom
Is of itself divided,
And people knows not
By whom they should be guided
It is too great a matter
By me to be decided.
Alas poor Trades-men
What shall we do.

Now to conclude my ditty,
the Lord send *England* peace
And plenty in this City :
Grant the land may flourish,
long for us to nourish
us with her blest increase.
Our Gracious King,
The Lord preserve and bless Him
With safe return
To them that long do miss him
And send him to remain
With them that well do wish him,
Alas poor Trades-men,
What shall we do.

FINIS

London, printed for FRANCIS GROVE.

THE PRESBYTERIANS

FOR his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit ;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant

To be the true Church Militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire and sword and desolation,
A godly thorough Reformation,
Which always must be going on,
And still be doing, never done,
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended :
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies,
In falling out with that or this
And finding something still amiss ;
More peevish, cross and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick :
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to :
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way and long another for ;
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow ;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail they will defy
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend—plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

SAMUEL BUTLER : *Hudibras.*

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT

(1647)

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
To seize the widowed whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy *
Taught ye by mere A. S.† and Rotherford? †
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards † and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

JOHN MILTON.

EPIGRAM UPON GLASSE

(1647)

GLASSE, out of deep, and out of desperate want,
Turned, from a Papist here, a Predicant.

* The Presbyterians divided London into twelve classes: each chose two ministers and four lay elders to represent them in a Provincial Assembly.

† Opponents of Milton's own sect, the Independents.

A Vicarage at last Tom Glasse got here,
Just upon five and thirty pounds a year.
Add to that thirty-five but five pounds more,
He'll turn a Papist, ranker than before.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE HOCK-CART; OR, HARVEST HOME

To the Right Honourable Mildmay, Earl of Westmorland.

(1647)

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil,
We are the lords of wine and oil:
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.
See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad, all, in linen, white as lilies.
The harvest swains, and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crowned.
About the cart, hear, how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart; some kiss the sheaves;
Some prank them up with oaken leaves:
Some cross the fill-horse; some with great
Devotion, stroke the home-borne wheat;
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers, than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.

Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glittering with fire ; where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef :
With upper stories, mutton, veal
And bacon, which makes full the meal,
With several dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumentie.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that, which drowns all care, stout beer ;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the common-wealth ;
Next to your flails, your fanes, your fatts ;
Next to the maids with wheaten hats :
To the rough sickle, and crookt scythe,
Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blithe.
Feed, and grow fat ; and as ye eat,
Be mindful, that the labouring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat.
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hanged up now.
And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you.
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON STEWARD

(1647)

No news of navies burnt at seas ;
No noise of late spawned tittyries :

No closet plot, or open vent,
That frights men with a parliament :
No new device, or late found trick,
To read by th' stars, the kingdom's sick :
No gin to catch the state, or wring
The free-born nostrils of the king,
We send to you ; but here a jolly
Verse crowned with ivy, and with holly :
That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
That milk-maids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports, the wassail-bowl,
That tost up, after fox-i'-the-hole :
Of blind-man-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare :
Of twelfth-tide cakes, of peas, and beans
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,
When as ye choose your king and queen,
And cry out, *Hey, for our town green.*
Of ash-heaps, in the which ye use
Husbands and wives by streaks to choose :
Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds :
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send instead of New-year's gift.
Read then, and when your faces shine
With bucksome meat and capering wine :
Remember us in cups full crowned,
And let our city-health go round,
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not ten ;
Until the fired chestnuts leap
For joy, to see the fruits ye reap,
From the plump chalice, and the cup,
That tempts till it be tossèd up :
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;
But think on these, that are t' appear,
As daughters to the instant year :

Sit crowned with rose-buds, and carouse,
Till Liber Pater twirls the house
About your ears ; and lay upon
The year, your cares, that's fled and gone.
And let the russet swains the plough
And harrow hang up resting now ;
And to the bagpipe all address ;
Till sleep takes place of weariness.
And thus, throughout, with Christmas plays
Frolic the full twelve holy-days.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS HOUSE

(1648)

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell :
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof ;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft, and dry ;
Where Thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat :
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small :
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead :

Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits, that be
There placed by Thee ;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent ·
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth ;
And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
That soils my land ;
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one :
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day :
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year :
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine.
All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart ;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly Thine ;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS*

(1646)

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue god's rage ;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls ;
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown ; and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

UPON THE KING'S IMPRISONMENT

IMPRISON me, you traitors ! must I be
Your fettered slave, while you're at liberty

* In 1646 Lovelace was made Colonel of a regiment under Louis XIV. of France.

T' usurp my sceptre, and to make my power
Gnaw its own bowels, and itself devour ?
You glorious villains ! treasons that have been
Done in all ages, are done o'er again !
Expert proficients, that have far outdone
Your tutor's precedents, and have outrun
The practice of all times, whose acts will be
Thought legendary by posterity.
Was't not enough you made me bear the wrong
Of a rebellious sword, and vip'rous tongue,
To lose my state, my children, crown, and wife,
But must you take my liberty and life ?
Subjects can find no fortress but their graves,
When servants sway, and sovereigns are slaves.
'Cause I'll not sign, nor give consent unto
Those lawless actions that you've done and do,
Nor yet betray my subjects, and so be
As treacherous to them, as you to me ;
Is this the way to mould me to your wills,
To expiate former crimes by greater ills ?
Mistaken fools ! to think my soul can be
Grasped or infringed by such low things as ye !
Alas ! though I'm immured, my mind is free,
I'll make your very jail my liberty.
Plot, do your worst, I safely shall deride,
In my crowned soul, your base inferior pride,
And stand unmoved; tho' all your plagues you bring,
I'll die a martyr, or I'll live a King.

ALEXANDER BROME.

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

(1650)

THE forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,

Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star :

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did through his own side
His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy ;
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame ;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould ;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak—

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil wars
Where his were not the deepest scars ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art ;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Caresbrooke's narrow case ;

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene :
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try :

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power :
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust :

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand :
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents :
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch ;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar he ere long to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaid :

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

ANDREW MARVELL.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

(1652)

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,

And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

SONGS FROM "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER"

(*Published* 1653)

I. Coridon's Song

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trololliе lollie loe,
Heigh trololliе lee,
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh, etc.
Heigh, etc.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then, etc.

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
Heigh, etc.
Heigh, etc.

His pride is in his tillage,
His horses, and his cart:
Then, etc.

Our clothing is good sheepskins,
Grey russet for our wives,
Heigh, etc.
Heigh, etc.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives:
Then, etc.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the holy-day,
Heigh, etc.
Heigh, etc.
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away:
Then, etc.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
Heigh, etc.
Heigh, etc.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then, etc.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh, etc.
Heigh, etc.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring.
Then, etc.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;

Heigh trololliе lollie loe,
Heigh trololliе lee,
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies :
Then come away,
Turn countrymen with me.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

II. The Angler's Song

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk,
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court :
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride ;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide ;
Who uses games, shall often prove
A loser ; but who falls in love,
Is fettered in fond Cupid's share :
My angle breeds me no such care

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone ;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess :
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate :
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish, I fast,
I make good fortune my repast;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight:
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make:
For so our Lord was pleasèd, when
He fishers made fishers of men;
Where, which is in no other game,
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that he on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

WILLIAM BASSE.

III. The Beggar's Song

Bright shines the sun; play, Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

What noise of viols is so sweet,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want where Beggars meet?
A Beggar's life is for a King.

Eat, drink, and play ; sleep when we list ;
Go where we will, so stocks be missed.
Bright shines the sun ; play, Beggars, play ;
Here's scraps enough to send to-day.

The world is ours, and ours alone ;
For we alone have world at will ;
We purchase not ; all is our own ;
Both fields and streets we Beggars fill.
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,
Did ever break a Beggar's sleep.
Play, Beggars, play ; play, Beggars, play ;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

A hundred head of black and white
Upon our gowns securely feed ;
If any dare his master bite,
He dies therefore, as sure as creed.
Thus Beggars lord it as they please ;
And only Beggars live at ease.
Bright shines the sun ; play, Beggars, play ;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

From FRANK DAVISON'S *Miscellany, entitled "A Poetical Rapsodie."*

IV. The Angler's Song

[*Set by Mr. H. Lawes*]

Man's life is but vain ; for 'tis subject to pain,
And sorrow, and short as a bubble ;
'Tis a hodge-podge of business, and money, and care,
And care, and money, and trouble.

But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair ;
Nor will we vex now though it rain ;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,
And angle, and angle again.

IZAAK WALTON.

ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE OVER THE SPANIARDS

In the Bay of Santacruze, in the Island of Teneriff, 1657.

Now does Spain's Fleet her spacious wings unfold,
Leaves the new World and hastens for the old :
But though the wind was fair, they slowly swum
Freighted with acted Guilt, and Guilt to come :
For this rich load, of which so proud they are,
Was raised by Tyranny, and raised for War ;
Every capacious Galleon's womb was filled,
With what the Womb of wealthy Kingdoms yield,
The new World's wounded Entrails they had tore,
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more.
Wealth which all others Avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caused as much fear, as joy.
For now upon the Main, themselves they saw,
That boundless Empire, where you give the Law,
Of winds and waters rage, they fearful be,
But much more fearful are your Flags to see.
Day that to those who sail upon the deep,
More wished for, and more welcome is than sleep,
They dreaded to behold, lest the Sun's light,
With *English* Streamers, should salute their sight :
In thickest darkness they would choose to steer,
So that such darkness might suppress their fear ;
At length theirs vanishes, and fortune smiles,
For they behold the sweet Canary Isles.

. . . . . .

For *Santacruze* the glad Fleet takes her way,
And safely there casts Anchor in the Bay.
Never so many with one joyful cry,
That place saluted, where they all must die.
Deluded men ! Fate with you did but sport,
You 'scaped the Sea, to perish in your Port.

'Twas more for *England's* fame you should die there,
Where you had most of strength, and least of fear.

. . . . . .

For here they met with news, which did produce,
A grief, above the cure of Grapes' best juice.
They learned with Terror, that nor Summer's heat,
Nor Winter's storms, had made your Fleet retreat.
To fight against such Foes, was vain they knew,
Which did the rage of Elements subdue.
Who on the Ocean that does horror give,
To all besides, triumphantly do live.
With haste they therefore all their Galleons moor,
And flank with Cannon from the neighbouring shore.
Forts, Lines, and Sconces all the Bay along,
They build, and act all that can make them strong.
Fond men who know not whilst such works they raise,
They only Labour to exalt your praise.
Yet they by restless toil, became at length,
So proud and confident of their made Strength,
That they with joy their boasting General heard,
Wish then for that assault he lately feared.
His wish he has, for now undaunted *Blake*,
With wingèd speed, for *Santacruze* does make.
For your renown, his conquering Fleet does ride,
O'er Seas as vast as is the *Spaniards'* pride.
Whose Fleet and Trenches viewed, he soon did say,
We to their strength are more obliged than they.
Wer't not for that, they from their Fate would run,
And a third World seek out our Arms to shun.
Those Forts, which there, so high and strong appear,
Do not so much suppress, as show their fear.
Of speedy Victory let no man doubt,
Our worst work's past, now we have found them out.
Behold their Navy does at Anchor lie,
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.
This said, the whole Fleet gave it their applause,
And all assumes your courage, in your cause

That Bay they enter, which unto them owes,
The noblest wreaths, that Victory bestows.
Bold Stainer Leads, this Fleet's designed by fate,
To give him Laurel, as the last did Plate.
The Thund'ring Cannon now begins the Fight,
And though it be at Noon, creates a Night.
The Air was soon after the fight begun,
Far more enflamed by it, than by the Sun.
Never so burning was that Climate known,
War turned the temperate, to the Torrid Zone.
Fate these two Fleets, between both Worlds had brought
Who fight, as if for both those Worlds they fought.
Thousands of ways, Thousands of men there die,
Some Ships are sunk, some blown up in the sky.
Nature never made Cedars so high a Spire,
As Oaks did then, Urged by the active fire.
Which by quick powder's force, so high was sent,
That it returned to its own Element.
Torn Limbs into the Island fly,
Whilst others lower, on the Sea do lie.
Scarce souls from bodies severed are so far,
By death, as bodies there were by the War.
Th' all-seeing Sun, ne'er gazed on such a sight,
Two dreadful Navies there at Anchor Fight.
And neither have, or power, or will to fly,
There one must Conquer, or there both must die.
Far different Motives yet, engaged them thus,
Necessity did them, but Choice did us.
A choice which did the highest worth express,
And was attended by as high success.
For your resistless genius there did reign,
By which we Laurels reaped ev'n on the Main.
So prosperous Stars, though absent to the sense,
Bless those they shine for, by their Influence.
Our Cannon now tears every Ship and Sconce,
And o'er two Elements triumphs at once.
Their Galleons sunk, their wealth the Sea does fill,

The only place where it can cause no ill.
Ah, would those Treasures which both Indies have,
Were buried in as large, and deep a grave,
War's chief support with them would buried be,
And the Land owe her peace unto the Sea.
Ages to come, your conquering Arms will bless,
There they destroy, what had destroyed their Peace.
And in one War the present age may boast,
That certain seeds of many Wars are lost.
All the Foe's Ships destroyed, by Sea or fire,
Victorious *Blake*, does from the Bay retire,
His Siege of *Spain* he then again pursues,
And there first brings of his success the news ;
The saddest news that ere to *Spain* was brought,
Their rich Fleet sunk, and ours with Laurel fraught.
Whilst Fame in every place, her Trumpet blows,
And tells the World, how much to you it owes.

ANDREW MARVELL.

"FAREWELL, AND ADIEU"

FAREWELL, and adieu to you, (gay) Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain !
For we've received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British heroes,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England ;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'-west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear ;
We got soundings in ninety-five fathom, and boldly
Up the channel of old England our course we did steer.

The first land we made it was called the Deadman,
Next, Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight ;
We passed by Beechy, by Fairleigh, and Dungeness,
And hove our ship to, off the South Foreland light.

Then a signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All in the downs, that night for to sleep ;
Then stand by your stoppers, let go your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew-garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
Let every man toss off his full bowls ;
We'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy :
So here's a good health to all true-hearted souls.

Old Ballad.

A POEM UPON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL

(1658)

THAT Providence which had so long the care
Of *Cromwell's* head, and numbered ev'ry hair,
Now in its self (the Glass where all appears)
Had seen the period of his golden Years :
And thenceforth only did attend to trace,
What death might least so fair a Life deface.
The People, which what most they fear esteem,
Death when more horrid so more noble deem ;
And blame the last *Act*, like *Spectators* vain,
Unless the *Prince* whom they applaud be slain.
Not Fate indeed can well refuse that right
To those that lived in War, to die in Fight.
But long his Valour none had left that could
Endanger him, or *Clemency* that would.

And he whom Nature all for Peace had made,
But angry Heaven unto War had swayed,
And so less useful where he most desired,
For what he least affected most admired,
Deservèd yet an End whose ev'ry part
Should speak the wondrous softness of his Heart.

. . . . . .

He without noise still travelled to his End,
As silent Suns to meet the Night descend.
The *Stars* that for him fought had only pow'r
Left to determine now his fatal Hour ;
Which, since they might not hinder, yet they cast
To choose it worthy of his Glories past.
No part of time but bore his mark away
Of honour ; all the Year was *Cromwell's* day !
But this, of all the most auspicious found,
Twice had in open field him Victor crowned ;
When up the armèd Mountains of *Dunbar*
He marched, and through deep *Severn* ending war.
What day should him *eternize* but the same
That had before *immortalized* his Name ?
That so who ere would at his Death have joyed,
In their own griefs might find themselves employed ;
But those that sadly his departure grieved,
Yet joyed rememb'ring what he once achieved.
And the last minute his victorious *Ghost*
Gave chase to *Ligny* on the *Belgic Coast.*
Here ended all his mortal toils : He laid
And slept in Peace under the *Laurel's shade.*

. . . . . .

Then let us to our course of Mourning keep :
Where *Heaven* leads, 'tis Piety to weep.
Stand back, ye Seas, and shrunk beneath the veil
Of your Abyss, with covered Head bewail
Your *Monarch* : We demand not your supplies
To compass in our *Isle* : our Tears suffice :
Since him away the dismal Tempest rent,
Who once more joined us to the Continent ;

Who planted *England* on the *Flandric shore,*
And stretched *our frontier* to the *Indian Ore* ;
Whose greater *Truths* obscure the *Fables* old,
Whether of *British Saints or Worthies* told ;
And in a valour less'ning *Arthur's* deeds,
For Holiness the *Confessor* exceeds.
He first put Arms into Religion's hand,
And tim'rous *Conscience* unto *Courage* manned :
The Soldier taught that inward Mail to wear,
And *fearing God* how they should *nothing fear.*
Those Strokes he said shall pierce through all below
Where those that strike from Heaven fetch their Blow.
Astonished armies did their flight prepare,
And cities strong were stormèd by his Prayer ;
Of that for ever *Preston's* field shall tell
The story, and impregnable *Clonmell.*
And where the sandy mountain *Fenwick* scaled,
The sea between, yet hence his prayer prevailed.

. . . . . .

I saw him dead, a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep over those wakeful eyes :
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed ;
That post which so majestic was and strong,
Loose and deprived of vigour, stretched along :
All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more than man ?
Oh ! human glory, vain, oh ! death, oh ! wings,
Oh ! worthless world ! oh ! transitory things !
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed
That still though dead, greater than death he laid ;
And in his altered face you something feign,
That threatens death, he yet will live again.

. . . . . .

Thee, many ages hence, in martial verse
Shall th' *English* soldier, ere he charge, rehearse ;
Singing of thee, inflame themselves to fight,

And with the name of *Cromwell*, armies fright.
As long as rivers to the sea shall run,
As long as *Cynthia* shall relieve the sun,
While stags shall fly unto the forests thick,
While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,
As long as future time succeeds the past,
Always thy honour, praise and name, shall last.

. . . . . .

And *Richard* yet, where his great parent led,
Beats on the rugged track : he, virtue dead,
Revives ; and by his milder beams assures ;
And yet how much of them his grief obscures.
He, as his father, long was kept from sight
In private, to be viewed by better light ;
But opened once, what splendour does he throw ?
A *Cromwell* in an hour a prince will grow.
How he becomes that seat, how strongly strains,
How gently winds at once the ruling reins ?
Heav'n to this choice prepared a diadem,
Richer than any eastern silk, or gem ;
A pearly rainbow, where the sun enchased
His brows, like an imperial jewel graced.
We find already what those omens mean,
Earth ne'er more glad, nor Heaven more serene.
Cease now our griefs, calm peace succeeds a war,
Rainbows to storms, *Richard* to *Oliver*.
Tempt not his clemency to try his power,
He threats no deluge, yet foretells a shower.

ANDREW MARVELL.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR

Of the present greatness, and joint interest, of his highness and this nation.

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,

Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite and make us conquer too :

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.
. . . . . .
Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state ;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own ; and now, all nations greet
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet :
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle !

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created ; it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressèd shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court ;
And then your highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your wingèd navy, flies
Through every land, that near the ocean lies ;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest :
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embracèd by the sea and you ?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea ;
And every coast may trouble, or relieve :
But none may visit us without your leave.

. . . . . .

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun which makes it grow :
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine ;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs ;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds ;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds :
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

. . . . . .

A race unconquered, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, armed with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

. . . . . .

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanced to be a portion of our state ;
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are joined.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our outguard on the continent :

She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar ;
But our conjunction made them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace ;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

. . . . . .

Oft have we wondered, how you hid in peace
A mind proportioned to such things as these ;
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live ;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country called you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless work,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you ;
Changed like the world's great scene! when without noise
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

. . . . . .

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace !
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight ;

Tell of towns stormed, of armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won ;
How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse ;
And every conqueror creates a Muse :
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing ;
But there, my lord ! we'll bays and olives bring

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquished nations, and the sea beside ;
While all your neighbour princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

EDMUND WALLER.

SELECTIONS FROM "ASTRÆA REDUX"

[*A Poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred Majesty Charles II.*, 1660.]

'TWAS this produced the Joy, that hurried o'er
Such swarms of *English* to the Neighb'ring shore
To fetch that Prize, by which *Batavia* made
So rich amends for our impoverished Trade.
Oh had you seen from *Schevelines* barren Shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
Afflicted *Holland* to his Farewell bring
True sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King ;
While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride,
And willing Winds to their low'red Sails denied.
The wavering Streamers, Flags, and Standard out,
The merry Seamen's rude but cheerful Shout ;
And last the Cannon's voice that shook the Skies,
And, as it fares in sudden Ecstasies,
At once bereft us both of Ears and Eyes.
The *Naseby* now no longer *England's* shame,
But better to be lost in *Charles* his name

(Like some unequal Bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her Lord : The joyful *London* meets
The Princely *York*, himself alone a freight ;
The *Swift-sure* groans beneath great *Gloucester's* weight.
Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with these,
He that was born to drown might cross the Seas.

. . . . . .

And welcome now (*Great Monarch*) to your own ;
Behold th' approaching Cliffs of *Albion* ;
It is no longer Motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the Land approacheth you.
The Land returns, and in the white it wears
The marks of Penitence and Sorrow bears.
But you, whose Goodness your Descent doth show,
Your Heav'nly Parentage and Earthly too ;
By that same mildness which your Father's Crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of Policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Methinks I see those Crowds on *Dover's* Strand,
Who in their haste to welcome you to Land
Choked up the Beach with their still growing store,
And made a wilder Torrent on the Shore :
While, spurred with eager thoughts of past Delight,
Those who had seen you court a second sight ;
Preventing still your Steps and making haste
To meet you often wheresoe'er you passed.

. . . . . .

And now time's whiter Series is begun,
Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run ;
Those Clouds that overcast your Morn shall fly,
Dispelled to farthest corners of the Sky.
Our nation, with united Interest blessed,
Not now content to poise, shall sway, the rest.
Abroad your Empire shall no Limits know,
But like the Sea in boundless Circles flow.
Your much loved Fleet shall with a wide Command

Besiege the petty Monarchs of the Land :
And as Old Time his Offspring swallowed down,
Our Ocean in its depths all Seas shall drown.
Their wealthy Trade from Pirate's Rapine free,
Our Merchants shall no more Adventurers be :
Nor in the farthest East those Dangers fear
Which humble *Holland* must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her *Indies* owes ;
For what the Powerful takes not he bestows.
And *France* that did an Exile's presence Fear
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of Parties cease
And factious Souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose Crimes before did your Just Cause betray :
Of those your Edicts some reclaim from sins,
But most your Life and Blest Example wins.
Oh happy Prince whom Heav'n hath taught the way
By paying Vows to have more Vows to pay !
Oh Happy Age ! Oh times like those alone,
By Fate reserved for great *Augustus'* throne !
When the joint growth of Arms and Arts foreshow
The World a Monarch, and that Monarch *You*.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRE OF LONDON, FROM "ANNUS MIRABILIS"

(*The Year of Wonders*, 1666)

SUCH was the Rise of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean Buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open Streets aspire,
And straight to Palaces and Temples spread.

The diligence of Trades and noiseful Gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid :

All was the night's, and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of Fire their fatal Birth disclose :
And first, few scattering Sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our Ruin rose.

Then, in some close-pent Room it crept along,
And, smould'ring as it went, in silence fed ;
Till th' infant Monster, with devouring strong,
Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

Now like some rich or mighty Murderer,
Too great for Prison, which he breaks with Gold,
Who fresher for new Mischiefs does appear
And dares the world to tax him with the old :

So scapes th' insulting Fire his narrow Jail
And makes small outlets into open air :
There the fierce Winds his tender Force assail,
And beat him downward to his first repair.

The Winds, like crafty Courtezans, withheld
His Flames from burning, but to blow them more :
And every fresh attempt he is repelled
With faint Denials, weaker than before.

And now, no longer letted of his Prey,
He leaps up at it with enraged desire :
O'erlooks the Neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every House his threat'ning Fire.

. . . . . .

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Called up some waking Lover to the sight ;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy Eyelids yet were full of Night.

The next to Danger, hot pursued by Fate,
Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire :
And frighted Mothers strike their Breasts, too late,
For helpless Infants left amidst the Fire.

Their Cries soon waken all the Dwellers near ;
Now murmuring Noises rise in every Street ;
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And, in the dark, Men jostle as they meet.

. . . . . .

Now Streets grow thronged and busy as by day :
Some run for Buckets to the hallowed Quire :
Some cut the Pipes, and some the Engines play ;
And some more bold mount Ladders to the fire.

In vain : For from the East a *Belgian* wind
His hostile Breath through the dry Rafters sent ;
The Flames impelled soon left their Foes behind
And forward, with a wanton fury went.

A Key of Fire ran all along the Shore,
And lightened all the River with a blaze :
The wakened Tides began again to roar,
And wond'ring Fish in shining waters gaze.

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,
But feared the fate of *Simoeis* would return :
Deep in his *Ooze* he sought his sedgy Bed,
And shrunk his Waters back unto his Urn.

The Fire, meantime, walks in a broader gross ;
To either hand his Wings he opens wide :
He wades the Streets, and straight he reaches cross,
And plays his longing Flames on th' other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take ;
Now with long Necks from side to side they feed :
At length, grown strong, their Mother-fire forsake,
And a new Colony of Flames succeed.

To every nobler Portion of the Town
The curling Billows roll their restless Tide :
In parties now they straggle up and down,
As Armies, unopposed, for Prey divide.

One mighty Squadron with a Side-wind sped,
Through narrow Lanes his cumbered Fire does haste :
By pow'rful charms of Gold and Silver led,
The *Lombard* Bankers and the *Change* to waste.

Another backward to the *Tow'r* would go,
And slowly eats his way against the Wind :
But the main body of the marching Foe
Against th' Imperial Palace is designed.

Now Day appears, and with the day the King,
Whose early Care had robbed him of his rest :
Far off the Cracks of Falling houses ring,
And shrieks of Subjects pierce his tender Breast.
. . . . . .
Himself directs what first is to be done,
And orders all the Succours which they bring :
The Helpful and the Good about him run,
And form an Army worthy such a King.

He sees the dire Contagion spread so fast
That where it seizes, all Relief is vain :
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That Country, which would, else, the Foe maintain.

The Powder blows up all before the Fire :
Th' amazèd flames stand gathered on a heap ;
And from the precipices-brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting Fires a while themselves consume,
But straight like *Turks*, forced on to win or die,
They first lay tender Bridges of their fume,
And o'er the Breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stays for Passage, 'till a gust of wind
Ships o'er their Forces in a shining Sheet :
Part, creeping underground, their Journey blind,
And, climbing from below, their Fellows meet.
. . . . . .

No help avails : for, *Hydra*-like, the Fire
Lifts up his Hundred heads to aim his way :
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he rushes in to share the Prey.

The Rich grow suppliant, and the Poor grow proud :
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more ;
So void of pity is th' ignoble Crowd,
When others' Ruin may increase their Store.

As those who live by Shores with joy behold
Some wealthy Vessel split or stranded nigh ;
And from the Rocks leap down for shipwracked Gold,
And seek the Tempest which the others fly :

So these but wait the Owners' last despair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade :
Ev'n from their Jaws they hungry morsels tear,
And, on their backs, the Spoils of *Vulcan* lade.
. . . . . .

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal Picture of the gen'ral Doom ;
Where Souls distracted when the Trumpet blows,
And half unready with their Bodies come.

Those who have Homes, when Home they do repair,
To a last Lodging call their wand'ring Friends :
Their short uneasy Sleeps are broke with Care,
To look how near their own Destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full Eyes each wonted Room require :
Haunting the yet warm Ashes of the place,
As murdered Men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up Coals, and watch the Vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of Ruin run ;
And, while through burning Lab'rinths they retire,
With loathing Eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in Fields like herded Beasts lie down,
To Dews obnoxious on the grassy Floor ;
And while their Babes in Sleep their Sorrows drown,
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their Store.

. . . . . .

Nor could thy Fabric, *Paul's*, defend thee long,
Though thou wert Sacred to thy Maker's praise :
Though made Immortal by a poet's Song,
And Poets' Songs the *Theban* walls could raise.

The daring Flames peeped in, and saw from far
The awful Beauties of the Sacred Quire :
But, since it was profaned by Civil War,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purged by fire.

Now down the narrow Streets it swiftly came,
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey :
This benefit we sadly owe the Flame,
If only Ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the Sun had seen our Woes ;
Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire ;
It seemed as if the Stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the fev'rish North retire.

. . . . . .

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying Eye,
And Mercy softly touched his melting Breast :
He saw the Towns one half in Rubbish lie,
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

. . . . . .

The vanquished Fires withdraw from every place,
Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep :

Each household Genius shows again his face,
And, from the hearths, the little Lares creep.

. . . . . .

The Father of the People opened wide
His Stores, and all the Poor with Plenty fed :
Thus God's Anointed God's own place supplied,
And filled the Empty with his daily Bread.

This Royal bounty brought its own Reward,
And, in their Minds, so deep did print the sense ;
That if their Ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

But so may he live long, that Town to sway,
Which by his Auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their Ashes by his stay,
And not their humble Ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their Loyalty by Fire ;
Nor is their Courage or their Wealth so low,
That from his Wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the Pity of a vanquished Foe.

Not with more Constancy the *Jews* of old,
By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile sent,
Their Royal City did in Dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost Malice of their Stars is past,
And two dire Comets, which have scourged the Town
In their own Plague and Fire have breathed their last,
Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

. . . . . .

Methinks already, from this Chymick flame,
I see a city of more precious mould :
Rich as the town which gives the *Indies* name,
With Silver paved, and all divine with Gold.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the Rubbish from her mounting Brow,
And seems to have renewed her Charter's date,
Which Heav'n will to the death of time allow.

More great than human now, and more *August*,
New deified she from her Fires does rise :
Her widening Streets on new Foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.
. . . . . .
The vent'rous Merchant who designed more far,
And touches on our hospitable Shore,
Charmed with the Splendour of this Northern Star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our pow'rful Navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade :
The beauty of this Town without a Fleet,
From all the World shall vindicate her Trade.

And, while this famed Emporium we prepare,
The *British* Ocean shall such Triumphs boast,
That those, who now disdain our Trade to share,
Shall rob like Pirates on our wealthy Coast.
. . . . . .
Thus to the Eastern wealth through Storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more ;
A constant Trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the Spicy shore.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES I. AT CHARING CROSS

(1674)

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his son reign where he a martyr died,
And people pay that reverence as they pass,

(Which then he wanted !) to the sacred brass,
Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone ;
But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
And kings so killed rise conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

EDMUND WALLER.*

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

(1621–83)

[*From "Absalom and Achitophel."* †]

OF these the false *Achitophel* was first,
A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.
For close Designs and crookèd Counsels fit,
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place,
In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace ;
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy Body to decay :
And o'er informed the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in extremity ;
Pleased with the Danger, when the Waves went high
He sought the Storms ; but, for a Calm unfit,

* The poet who wrote the "Panegyric to my Lord Protector." (See page 105.) But despite his character of turncoat, he wrote good poetry on both sides. Cromwell was a kinsman of Waller's on his mother's side.

† In this long poem John Dryden satirizes the members of the party who wished to exclude the Duke of York from the throne, and whose leader was the Earl of Shaftesbury. The David of this poem is Charles II., Absalom the Duke of Monmouth. We are not for the present concerned with all the details of the story, but with Dryden's cleverness at drawing a pen portrait (of an opponent).

Would Steer too nigh the Sands to boast his Wit.
Great Wits are sure to Madness near allied,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide ;
Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest ?
Punish a Body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease ?

JOHN DRYDEN.

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

(1627–88)

[*From "Absalom and Achitophel."*]

SOME of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land :
In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand :
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong ;
Was Everything by starts, and Nothing long :
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chemist, Fiddler, Statesman, and Buffoon ;
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,
Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in thinking.
Blest Madman, who could every hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual Themes ;
And both (to show his Judgment) in Extremes :
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squand'ring Wealth was his peculiar Art ;
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late :
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
He laughed himself from Court ; then sought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief :

For, spite of him, the weight of Business fell
On *Absalom* and wise *Achitophel :*
Thus wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

JOHN DRYDEN.

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

(Died 1685)

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

JOHN WILMOT (Earl of Rochester).

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN*

(1688)

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !
A merry heart and true !
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?
And shall Trelawney die ?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he :
" If London Tower were Michael's hold
We'll set Trelawney free !

* Macaulay says, " All over the county (Cornwall) the peasants chanted a ballad of which the burden is still remembered :
'And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die ?
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why.'
The miners from their caverns re-echoed the song with a variation:
'Then twenty thousand underground will know the reason why.'"

" We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,—
With one and all, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay ?

" And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all !
Here's men as good as you.

" Trelawney he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die ;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why ! "

R. S. HAWKER.

LILLIBURLERO *

[*To an Air by Purcell.*]

Ho Brother *Teague* dost hear de Decree,
Lilli Burlero Bullen a-la,
Dat we shall have a new Debittie,
Lilli Burlero Bullen a-la.

* In Macaulay's *History of England* (1685–1702), chap. ix., we read: . . . " Thomas Wharton's satirical ballad on the administration of Tyrconnel. In this little poem an Irishman congratulates a brother Irishman, in a barbarous jargon, on the approaching triumph of Popery and of the Milesian race. The Protestant heir will be excluded. The Protestant officers will be broken. The great Charter and the praters who appealed to it will be hanged in one rope. The good Talbot will shower commissions on his countrymen, and will cut the throats of the English. These verses, which were in no respect above the ordinary standard of street poetry, had for burden some gibberish which was said to have been used as a watchword by the insurgents of Ulster in 1641. The verses and the tune caught the fancy of the nation. From one end of England to the other all classes were constantly singing this idle rhyme. It was especially the delight of the English army. . . .

" Wharton afterwards boasted that he had sung a king out of three kingdoms. But in truth the success of Lilliburlero was the effect, and not the cause, of that excited state of public feeling which produced the Revolution."

Lero, lero, lilliburlero, lero, lero, bullen a-la ;
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, lero, lero, bullen a-la.

Ho by my Shoul it is a *Talbot*,
Lilli, etc.,
And he will cut de *Englishman's* Troat,
Lilli, etc.

Though by my shoul de *English* do Prat,
Lilli, etc.,
De Law's on Dare side, and *Chreist* knows what,
Lilli, etc.

But if Dispence do come from de Pope,
Lilli, etc.,
We'll hang Magno Carto and demselves on a Rope,
Lilli, etc.

And the good *Talbot* is made a Lord,
Lilli, etc.,
And he with brave lads is coming aboard,
Lilli, etc.

Who'! all in *France* have taken a swear,
Lilli, etc.,
Dat day will have no Protestant heir,
Lilli, etc.

O but why does he stay behind,
Lilli, etc.,
Ho by my shoul 'tis a Protestant wind,
Lilli, etc.

Now *Tyrconnel* is come ashore,
Lilli, etc.,
And we shall have Commissions gillore,
Lilli, etc.

And he dat will not go to Mass,
Lilli, etc.,
Shall turn out and look like an Ass,
Lilli, etc.

Now now de Hereticks all go down,
Lilli Burlero Bullen a-la,
By *Chreist* and St. Patrick the Nation's our own,
Lilli Burlero Bullen a-la.
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, lero, lero, bullen a-la ;
Lero, lero, lilliburlero, lero, lero, bullen a-la.

THOMAS WHARTON.

STRAWBERRY HILL *

SOME cry up Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare,
Some say that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare ;
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawberry-hill, if Strawberry-hill,
Don't bear away the bell ?

Some love to roll down Greenwich-hill,
For this thing or for that,
And some prefer sweet Marble-hill,
Though sure 'tis somewhat flat ;
Yet Marble-hill and Greenwich-hill,
If Kitty Clive can tell,
From Strawberry-hill, from Strawberry-hill,
Will never bear the bell.

* This poem, which belongs to the reign of William and Mary, should be compared with the lines on Blenheim House (see page 129). No account of the social life of the eighteenth century (though this applies in a lesser degree to the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries) would be complete without a mention of the great houses of the period.

The reference in stanza 4 is to Denham's poem, "Cooper's Hill."

Though Surrey boasts its Oatlands,
And Clermont kept so jim,
And some prefer sweet Southcoats,
'Tis but a dainty whim ;
But ask the gallant Bristol,
Who doth in taste excel,
If Strawberry-hill, if Strawberry-hill,
Don't bear away the bell.

Since Denham sung of Cooper's,
There's scarce a hill around,
But what in song or ditty,
Is turned to fairy ground.
Ah ! peace be with their memory,
I wish them wondrous well,
But Strawberry-hill, but Strawberry-hill,
Will ever bear the bell.

Great William dwells at Windsor,
As Edward did of old,
And many a Gaul and many a Scot
Have found him full as bold.
On lofty hills like Windsor
Such heroes ought to dwell ;
Yet the little folks on Strawberry-hill
Like Strawberry-hill as well.

WILLIAM PULTENEY (Earl of Bath).

HIGH GERMANY

O POLLY love, O Polly, the rout has now begun,
And we must be a-marching at the beating of the drum;
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me,
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.*

* This is probably a reference to Marlborough's wars, and gives well the private side of the picture which may be contrasted with Addison's "Campaign"—the public side. The reference to "pressing" or forced enlistment should be noticed.

O Harry love, O Harry, you hearken what I say ;
My feet are all too tender, I cannot march away ;
Besides, my dearest Harry, though man and wife we be,
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany ?

A horse I'll buy you, dapple grey, and on it you shall ride,
And all my heart's delight will be a-trotting at your side ;
We'll ride o'er moor and mountain high, and breathe the air so free,
And jauntily we'll ride along in High Germany.

O no, my love, it may not be, I cannot with you ride,
For I have here my children dear, at home I must abide,
But all my thoughts and many prayers shall be the while with thee
As thou dost fight Old England's wars in High Germany.

O cursèd are the cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise,
They pressed my Harry from me, as all my brothers three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.

ANON.

FROM "THE CAMPAIGN"

[*A Poem to His Grace the Duke of Marlborough*, 1705.]

I

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms ;
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.

Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanced so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye,
My favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes and follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguished smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice;
By shower of blessings Heaven approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

II. The Battle of Blenheim

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful bursts of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunders of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,

Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave:
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And filled with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compelled in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfixed,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixed,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drowned.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Saône,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corpse convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood

Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK *

SEE, sir, here's the grand approach ;
This way is for his Grace's coach :
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made !
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in ;
The council chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine ?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

(Generally ascribed to ALEXANDER POPE, but by Mr. I. A. Williams to the Rev. ABEL EVANS, D.D.)

* This poem should be compared with "Strawberry Hill" (see page 124). The magnificent palace of Blenheim, designed by the famous architect and dramatist, Sir John Vanbrugh, was erected at the national expense for the Duke of Marlborough between the years 1705 and 1722.

AN ODE *

(1708)

ORMOND's glory, Marlborough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ;
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleasing sound:
Their courage warms;
Their conduct charms;
Yet the universal joy
Feels a sensible alloy!

Mighty George, the Senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's prayer!
While the stroke of Fate we dread
Impending o'er the sacred head,
The British youth for thee submit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear.

Let the voice of war and joy
Rend again the trembling sky;
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With prospect of more glorious years;
Derived from Anne's auspicious smiles
More cheerful airs refresh the British Isles.

Sound the trumpet; beat the drum:
Tremble, France; we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms:
We feel the full, the powerful charms
Of Ormond's glory, Marlborough's arms.

EDMUND SMITH.

* Prince George, brother of Christian V., King of Denmark, was married in 1683 to Anne, second daughter of James II., later Queen of England. He died in 1708, when this Ode was written, at the time when political intrigue was at its height between the Whigs and the Tories. When the Tories came into power after the elections of 1710, Ormond succeeded Marlborough in the command of the army.

AN EPITAPH

INTERRED beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack, and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires rose or fell;
The morning passed, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walked and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walked and eat again:
They soundly slept the night away:
They did just nothing all the day:
And having buried children four,
Would not take pains to ask for more.
Nor sister either had nor brother:
They seemed just tallied for each other.

Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespassed on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded:
They neither punished, nor rewarded:
He cared not what the footmen did:
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course;
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable;
And sluttish plenty decked her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate;

And took, but read not the receipt:
For which they claimed their Sunday's due
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds they did commend;
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store:
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added, nor confounded:
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accounts did clear;
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If asked, they ne'er denied their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married;
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed, or crowned.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried:
And so they lived; and so they died.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT

*On her leaving the Town after the Coronation.**

As some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome Country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;
Not that their Pleasures caused her discontent,
She sighed not that they stayed, but that she went.
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashioned halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks :
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day ;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea ;
To muse, and spill her solitary tea ;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire ;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
Some Squire, perhaps you take delight to rack ;
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack ;
Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—" No words !"
Or with his hound comes holloing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.
In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade ;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,

* Of George I., 1715.

See Coronations rise on ev'ry green ;
Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and gartered Knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes ;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls !
So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagued with headaches, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, rush upon my sight ;
Vexed to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

ALEXANDER POPE.

BALLAD

The Battle of Sheriffmuir

(*The Rebellion of 1715*)

THERE'S some say that we won,
And some say that they won,
And some say that none won at a', man.
But of one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was that I saw, man.
And we ran, and they ran ;
And they ran, and we ran ;
But we ran and they ran awa', man.

ANON.

THE VICAR OF BRAY*

(1720)

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous High-Churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed
Kings were by God appointed;
And lost are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is the law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir:
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
And Popery grew in fashion,

* Southey and others have told the story of the original Vicar of Bray in Berkshire, one Simon Aleyn, Canon of Windsor, who enjoyed the living, and kept out of theological controversies, as well as from Smithfield bonfires of martyrdom. It is said that the song was written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of Dragoons, in the reign of George I. Its inspiration is probably to be found in the poem, ascribed doubtfully to Samuel Butler, but extant in a broadsheet of much earlier date, beginning:

"I loved no King in Forty-one,
When Prelacy went down:
A Cloak and Band I then put on,
And preached against the Crown.
A Turncoat is a cunning man
That cants to admiration;
And prays for any King, to gain
The People's approbation."

In regard to the waning Protestantism of Charles, he sings:

"The King's religion I profest,
And found there was no harm in't;
I tugged and flattered, like the rest,
Till I had got preferment."

This recalls our song very closely.

The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

Refrain—

When William was our King declared
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

Refrain—

When royal Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional conformists base,
I blamed their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.

Refrain—

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's-defender;
And almost ev'ry day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.

Refrain—

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession ;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be—
Until the times do alter.

And this is the law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir ;
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

ANON.

FROM "A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER"

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the draggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Boxed in a chair the Beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.

. . . . . .

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their triumphs with them as they go :

Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sailed from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's shape their course,
And, in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge,
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

SELECTIONS FROM "TRIVIA"; OR, THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON

(1715)

Of Shoes

WHEN the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "Clean your shoes" resounds from ev'ry voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries:
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned:
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside:
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Of Canes

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command :
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaus their canes with amber tipped produce,
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life disease ;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to White's, Assemblies, or the Play ;
Rosy-complexioned health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane.
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace :
O ! may I never such misfortune meet,
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street,
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienced dangers sings.

Signs of Fair Weather

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,
Of milder weather, and serener skies.
The ladies gaily dressed the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn ;
The seasons operate on ev'ry breast ;
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies dressed.
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancied fares ; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly crowd ; then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

Signs of Rainy Weather

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails ; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue :
On hosiers' poles depending stockings tied,
Flag with the slackened gale, from side to side ;
Church-monuments foretell the changing air ;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief : you'll hear the sounds
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds ;
Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

The Morning

For ease and for dispatch the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the street molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear ;
On doors the sallow milkmaid chalks her gains ;
Ah ! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains !
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way ;
These grave physicians with their milky cheer,
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair ;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace ?

Now industry awakes her busy sons,
Full charged with news the breathless hawker runs :
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

What Trades prejudicial to Walkers

If clothed in black, you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguished by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid ; oft in the mingling press,
The barber's apron soils the sable dress ;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh :
Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care ;
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng ;
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threatened coat :
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies ;
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat ; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
Butcher's, whose hands are dyed with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.

The Stocks

Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasped in the board the perjured head is bowed,
Betimes retreat ; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips, and half-hatched eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain : some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

The Dangers of Football

Where Covent Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands ;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square :
Here oft my course I bend, when lo ! from far,
I spy the furies of the football war :
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gath'ring globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run ? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high ;
The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

An Episode of the Great Frost

O roving Muse, recall that wond'rous year,
When winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air ;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
Sees harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own :
Wheels o'er the hardened waters smoothly glide,
And raze with whitened tracks the slipp'ry tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain ;
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

Remarks on the Cries of the Town

Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring !
Sweet-smelling flowers, and alder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood :
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Ev'n Sundays are profaned by mackerel cries.
Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain :
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.
When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawled in frequent cries through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe.

Of Pickpockets

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
Lured by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn ;
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy ; whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief with practised sleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown ?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo ! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies ;

Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst ev'ry honest tongue " Stop thief " resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarmed by fear,
Who lately filched the turkey's callow care ;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injured tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless he stumbling falls : ill-fated boy !
Why did not honest work thy youth employ ?
Seized by rough hands, he's dragged amid the rout,
And stretched beneath the pump's incessant spout :
Or plunged in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plasters o'er his eyes.

The Danger of Crossing a Square by Night

Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is railed around,
Cross not with vent'rous step, there oft is found
The lurking thief, who while the daylight shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone :
That crutch which late compassion moved, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ;
In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays
Shot from the crystal lamp o'erspread the ways.

Of Chairmen

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side :
The laws have set him bounds ; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pell-mell,

When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame ?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests, with safety tread ;
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

Of Watchmen

Yet there are watchmen who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright ;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm.
But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar
To call their brethren to confed'rate war
When rakes resist their power ; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scowering crew ;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's consid'rate ear ;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Moved by the rhet'ric of a silver fee.
Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word ;
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord.

JOHN GAY.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(1720)

[*From a Panegyrical Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow, Goldsmith, near Temple Bar, occasioned by his Buying and Selling of the Third Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors of the South Sea Company, at a thousand per cent.*]

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble verse to hear :
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold ;

Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks,
In crowds of brokers overawe the Stocks :
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands drowned.
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st ; nor sent one bill unpaid away.
When not a guinea chinked on Martin's boards,
And Atwill's self was drained of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue)
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did 'Change Alley waste thy precious hours,
Among the fools who gaped for golden showers ?
No wonder if we found some poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air ;
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea schemes
Who ne'er enjoyed a guinea but in dreams ;
No wonder, they their third subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold :
No wonder that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
Though changed throughout in substance and in name.
But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.

JOHN GAY.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S SONG

[*From "The Beggar's Opera,"* 1728. *To the tune of "The March in Rinaldo."*]

LET us take the Road !
Hark ! I hear the Sound of Coaches !
The Hour of Attack approaches,

To your Arms, brave Boys, and load.
See the Ball I hold!
Let the Chemists toil like Asses,
Our Fire their Fire surpasses,
And turns all our Lead to Gold.

JOHN GAY.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em:
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
(I love her so sincerely)
My master comes like any Turk
And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his belly-full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday:

For then I'm drest, all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named :
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
I'll give it to my honey ;
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally ;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave and row a galley :
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally !
O then how happily we'll live—
But not in our alley.

HENRY CAREY.

FAREWELL TO BATH

To all you ladies now at Bath,
And eke, ye beaus, to you,
With aching heart, and watery eyes,
I bid my last adieu.

Farewell, ye nymphs, who waters sip
Hot reeking from the pumps,
While music lends her friendly aid,
To cheer you from the dumps.

Farewell, ye wits, who prating stand,
And criticize the fair ;
Yourselves the joke of men of sense,
Who hate a coxcomb's air.

Farewell to Deard's, and all her toys,
Which glitter in her shop,
Deluding traps to girls and boys,
The warehouse of the fop.

Lindsay's and Hayes's both farewell,
Where in the spacious hall,
With bounding steps, and sprightly air,
I've led up many a ball.

Where Somerville of courteous mien
Was partner in the dance,
With swimming Haws, and Brownlow blithe,
And Britton pink of France.

Poor Nash, farewell ! may fortune smile,
Thy drooping soul revive ;
My heart is full, I can no more—
John, bid the coachman drive.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

GREAT Sir, as on each levée day
I still attend you—still you say
" I'm busy now, to-morrow come ; "
To-morrow, Sir, you're not at home ;
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as him the lie ?

In imitation, sir, of you,
I keep a mighty levée too :
Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
Are bid to come again to-morrow.
To-morrow they return, no doubt,
But then, like you, Sir, I'm gone out.
So says my maid ; but they, less civil,
Give maid and master to the devil ;
And then with menaces depart,
Which, could you hear, would pierce your heart.
Good Sir, do make my levée fly me,
Or lend your porter to deny me.

HENRY FIELDING.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode ;
There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat :
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet :

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared ;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave :

O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the *Burford* reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh ! heed our fatal story ;
I am Hosier's injured ghost ;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost.
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping,
These were English captains brave :
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold ;
Lo ! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty ships attended
Did this Spanish town affright,
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders, not to fight.
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,

Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom ;
To have fall'n, my country crying
He has played an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail ;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe :
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves, for ever mourning
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request :
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—shamed in me.

RICHARD GLOVER.

THE STAGE COACH

[*From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.*]

To pay my duty to sweet Mrs. Page,
A place was taken in the Stamford stage.
Our coachman Dick, the shades of night to shun,
Had yoked his horses long before the sun :
Disturbed I start ; and, drowsy all the while,
Rise to be jolted many a weary mile ;
On both sides squeezed, how highly was I blessed !
Between two plump old women to be pressed !
A corporal fierce, a nurse and child that cried,
And a fat landlord filled the other side.
Scarce dawns the morning, ere the cumbrous load
Rolls roughly rumbling o'er the rugged road.
One old wife coughs, and wheezes in my ears,
Loud scolds the other, and the corporal swears ;
Sour unconcocted breath escapes my host,
The squalling child returns his milk and toast :
Ye gods ! if such the pleasures of the stage,
I choose to walk and visit Mrs. Page.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

EPIGRAMS

I. On the Naturalization Bill

COME all ye foreign strolling gentry,
Into Great Britain make your entry ;
Abjure the Pope, and take the oaths,
And you shall have meat, drink, and clothes.

II. On a Monopoly for Grinding Corn in Manchester

Bone and Skin,
Two millers thin,
Would starve the town or near it ;

But be it known
To Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

III

God bless the King !—I mean the Faith's defender ;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender !
But who Pretender is, or who is King—
God bless us all ! that's quite another thing.

JOHN BYROM.

SONGS OF THE '45

I. Come, boat me o'er to Charlie *

[*Tune*—"*O'er the Water to Charlie.*"]

COME, boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him ;
But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him !

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.

* Prince Charles Edward.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

ROBERT BURNS.

II. Wha'll be King but Charlie ?

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin ;
For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king !
For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

The news frae Moidart came yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie ;
For ships of war hae just come in,
And landit Royal Charlie.

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' many a lord and laird, hae
Declared for Scotia's king an' law,
And speir ye wha but Charlie.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan',
But vows baith late an' early,
She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han'
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete an' early ;
His very name our heart's blood warms ;
To arms for Royal Charlie.

LADY NAIRNE.

III. The Hundred Pipers

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a' ;
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh ! it's owre the Border awa', awa',
It's owre the Border awa', awa',
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh ! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, an' kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen ?
Will they a' return, our Hieland men ?
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they marched away.

Oh wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?
Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw ?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra !
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,

The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep ;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfoundered, the English saw—they saw—
Dumfoundered they heard the blaw, the blaw ;
Dumfoundered, they a' ran awa', awa',
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

LADY NAIRNE.

IV. Bonnie Prince Charlie

Follow thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow thee ?
Long hast thou loved and trusted us fairly !
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie ?

Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry,
Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie ?

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald ;
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry.
Health to M'Donnel, and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.

I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie,
Brave M'Intosh, he shall fly to the field with them ;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie !

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore !
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely !
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad claymore,
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie !

JAMES HOGG.

V. Welcome, Royal Charlie !

Oh ! he was lang o' comin',
Lang, lang, lang o' comin',
Oh ! he was lang o' comin' !
Welcome, Royal Charlie !

When he on Moidart's shore did stand,
The friends he had within the land
Came down and shook him by the hand,
And welcomed Royal Charlie.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had,
Was bonnet blue, and tartan plaid ;
And O ! he was a handsome lad,
A true king's son was Charlie.

But oh ! he was lang o' comin',
Lang, lang, lang o' comin',
Oh ! he was lang o' comin',
Welcome, Royal Charlie !

ANON.

VI. Wae's me for Prince Charlie

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
And aye the owre-come o' his song
Was " Wae's me for Prince Charlie ! "
Oh ! when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,
The tears came drappin' rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, " My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow ?
Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote
Or a lilt o' dule and sorrow ? "

" Oh ! no, no, no ! " the wee bird sang,
" I've flown sin' morning early ;
But sic a day o' wind and rain !—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

" On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger ;
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in the glen,
My heart near bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

" Dark night cam' on, the tempest howled
Out-owre the hills and valleys ;
And whar was't that your prince lay down,
Whose hame should been a palace ?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie ! "

But now the bird saw some redcoats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger ;
" O this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
A while he hovered on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly :
But weel I mind the farewell strain
Was " Wae's me for Prince Charlie ! "

WILLIAM GLEN.

VII. Will ye no come back again ?

Will ye no come back again ?
Will ye no come back again ?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again ?

Bonnie Charlie's now awa',
Safely owre the friendly main ;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie ;
They kent yon hiding in the glen,
Your cleadin' was but barely.

English bribes were a' in vain ;
An' e'en though puirer we may be,
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning grey ;
Though thirty thousand pounds they'd gie,
Oh there is nane that wad betray.

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen ;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again ?

LADY NAIRNE.

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true King I offer free from stain
Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honour, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave

The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

ODE

Written in the beginning of the year 1746 *

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT

[*James Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, whom these verses commemorate, escaped with difficulty from the field of Culloden, where his father fell, in* 1746. *He died abroad.*]

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

* This Ode was written to the memory of British soldiers who fell at Prestonpans (1745) and Falkirk (1746), in the Jacobite Rebellion which was finally crushed at Culloden.

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

Farewell, fleeting, fickle treasure,
'Tween Mishap and Folly shared!
Farewell, Peace! and farewell, Pleasure!
Farewell, flattering man's regard!

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us;
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

ANON.

STANZAS

On the taking of Quebec, and death of General Wolfe, 1759.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing, we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

FROM "THE NEW BATH GUIDE"

LETTER VII

MR SIMKIN BLUNDERHEAD TO
LADY BLUNDERHEAD, AT —— HALL, NORTH

A Panegyric on Bath

(*Published* 1766)

OF all the gay places the world can afford,
By gentle and simple for pastime adored,
Fine balls and fine concerts, fine buildings and springs,
Fine walks and fine views, and a thousand fine things,
(Not to mention the sweet situation and air)
What place, my dear mother, with Bath can compare?
Let Bristol for commerce and dirt be renowned,
At Salisbury pen-knives and scissors be ground;
The towns of Devizes, of Bradford, and Frome,
May boast that they better can manage the loom;
I believe that they may;—but the world to refine,
In manners, in dress, in politeness to shine,
O Bath! let the art, let the glory be thine.
I'm sure I have travelled our country all o'er,
And ne'er was so civilly treated before;
Would you think, my dear mother (without the least hint
That we all should be glad of appearing in print)
The news-writers here were so kind as to give all
The world an account of our happy arrival?—
You scarce can imagine what numbers I've met,
(Though to me they are perfectly strangers as yet)
Who all with address and civility came,
And seemed vastly proud of *subscribing* our name.
Young Timothy Canvass is charmed with the place,
Who, I hear, is come hither, his fibres to brace;
Poor man! at th' election he threw, t' other day,

All his victuals, and liquor, and money away ;
And some people think with such haste he began,
That soon he the constable greatly outran,
And is qualified now for a parliament-man :
Goes every day to the coffee-house, where
The wits and the great politicians repair ;
Harangues on the funds, and the state of the nation,
And plans a good speech for an administration,
In hopes of a place which he thinks he deserves,
As the love of his country has ruined his nerves.—
Our neighbour, Sir Easterlin Widgeon, has swore
He ne'er will return to his bogs any more ;
The Thickskulls are settled ; we've had invitations
With a great many more on the score of relations ;
The Loungers are come too.—Old Stucco has just sent
His plan for a house to be built in the Crescent ;
'Twill soon be complete, and they say all their work
Is as strong as St. Paul's, or the minster at York.
Don't you think 'twould be better to lease our estate,
And buy a good house here before 'tis too late ?
You never can go, my dear mother, where you
So much have to see, and so little to do.

I write this in haste, for the Captain is come,
And so kind as to go with us all to the room ;
But be sure by the very next post you shall hear
Of all I've the pleasure of meeting with there :
For I scribble my verse with a great deal of ease,
And can send you a letter whenever I please ;
And while at this place I've the honour to stay,
I think I can never want something to say.
But now, my dear mother, etc., etc., etc.

SIMKIN BLUNDERHEAD.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

SELECTIONS FROM " THE DESERTED VILLAGE "

(*Published* 1770)

I. Past and Present

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain ;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied

And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

II. The Village Preacher

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

III. The Village Schoolmaster

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew :
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew :
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill ;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

IV. The Inn

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where greybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place :
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

EDMUND BURKE

(*From "Retaliation,"* * 1774)

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

* Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the poem from which the above passage has been taken.

THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON"

THE *Chesapeake* so bold out of Boston, I am told,
Came to take a British frigate neat and handy, O!
The people of the port came out to see the sport,
With their music playing Yankee doodle dandy, O!
Yankee doodle, Yankee doodle dandy, O!
The people of the port came out to see the sport,
With their music playing Yankee doodle dandy,
O!

The British frigate's name, that for the purpose came
To tame the Yankees' courage neat and handy, O!
Was the *Shannon*, Captain Broke, with his crew all hearts of oak,
And in fighting, you must know, he was the dandy, O!
Yankee doodle, etc.

The fight had scarce begun when the Yankees, with much fun,
Said, "We'll tow her into Boston neat and handy, O!
And 'I'll kalkilate' we'll dine, with our lasses drinking wine,
And we'll dance the jig of Yankee doodle dandy, O!"
Yankee doodle, etc.

But they soon every one flinched from the gun,
Which at first they thought to use so neat and handy, O!
Brave Broke, he waved his sword, crying, "Now, my lads, let's board.
And we'll stop their playing Yankee doodle dandy, O!"
Yankee doodle, etc.

He scarce had said the word, when they all jumped on board,
And they haulèd down the ensign neat and handy, O!
Notwithstanding all their brag, the glorious British flag
At the Yankees' mizen-peak it looked the dandy, O!

Then here's to all true blue, both officers and crew,
Who tamed the Yankees' courage neat and handy, O!
And may it ever prove in battle, as in love,
The true British sailor is the dandy, O!
Yankee doodle, Yankee doodle dandy, O!
The people of the port came out to see the sport,
With their music playing Yankee doodle dandy,
O!

ANON.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

(*From "Ode for the Fourth of July"—July 4, 1776*)

STORMY the day of her birth:
Was she not born of the strong,
She, the last ripener of earth,
Beautiful, prophesied long?
Stormy the days of her prime:
Hers are the pulses that beat
Higher for perils sublime,
Making them fawn at her feet.
Was she not born of the strong?
Was she not born of the wise?
Daring and counsel belong
Of right to her confident eyes:
Human and motherly they,
Careless of station and race:
Hearken! Her children to-day
Shout for the joy of her face.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ON THE LOSS OF THE " ROYAL GEORGE "

(*Written when the news arrived, September* 1782. *To the " March in Scipio "*)

TOLL for the brave!
The brave! that are no more:
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side;
A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfeldt * is gone,
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,

* Kempenfeldt was made a Junior Admiral in April 1782 under Lord Howe, during the American War of Independence. On 15th August the fleet anchored at Spithead, and was ordered to refit with all possible haste and proceed to the relief of Gibraltar. While so refitting, it was necessary to give the *Royal George* a slight heel to get at a leak a few inches below the water-line. This was done on 29th August by running her guns over to the other side. The ship was old and rotten, and the disturbance of her weights brought on her crazy structure a strain which it could not stand. With a loud crack it gave way; a great piece of her bottom fell out, and the ship sank almost instantly. Besides crew, a very large number of people, tradesmen, women, and children were on board; the exact number lost was not known, but was estimated at not less than eight hundred. The Admiral was at the time in his cabin, and perished with the others.

She ran upon no rock ;
His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfeldt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with your cup
The tears that England owes ,
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main ;
But Kempenfeldt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE VILLAGE"

(*Published May* 1783)

I. The Poet's Purpose

No ; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast ;
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates ;
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not :
Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain ;
O'ercome by labour, and bowed down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme ?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruined shed ?

Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour ?

II. Smugglers

Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
With rural games played down the setting sun ;
Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,
Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall ;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
Engaged some artful stripling of the throng,
And fell beneath him, foiled, while far around
Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks returned the sound ?
Where now are these ?—Beneath yon cliff they stand,
To show the freighted pinnace where to land ;
To load the ready steed with guilty haste ;
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste ;
Or, when detected in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force ;
Or, yielding part (which equal knaves demand),
To gain a lawless passport through the land.

Here, wand'ring long amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that Nature yields ;
Rapine and Wrong and Fear usurped her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race ;
Who, only skilled to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,
On the tost vessel bend their eager eye,
Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way ;
Theirs, or the ocean's, miserable prey.

III. The Parish Workhouse

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door ;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,

And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day—
There children dwell, who know no parents' care ;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there !
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears ;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below ;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man :
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

IV. The Dying Pauper

Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.
But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls.
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye :
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,

Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer ;
In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes ;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door.
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man ; and silent sinks into the grave.
But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears, which " bold bad " men despise :
Fain would he ask the parish-priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above ;
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls ;
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, " passing rich with forty pounds a year " ?
Ah ! no ; a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock :
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask ;
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night ;
None better skilled the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide ;
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skilled at whist, devotes the night to play.
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel ?

GEORGE CRABBE.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE NEWSPAPER"

(*Published March* 1785)

I. Newspapers

I SING of NEWS, and all those vapid sheets
The rattling hawker vends through gaping streets ;
Whate'er their name, whate'er the time they fly,
Damp from the press, to charm the reader's eye :
For, soon as morning dawns with roseate hue,
The Herald of the morn arises too ;
Post after Post succeeds, and, all day long,
Gazettes and Ledgers swarm, a noisy throng.
When evening comes, she comes with all her train
Of Ledgers, Chronicles, and Posts again—
Like bats, appearing, when the sun goes down,
From holes obscure and corners of the town.
Of all these triflers, all like these, I write ;
Oh ! like my subject could my song delight,
The crowd at Lloyd's one poet's name should raise,
And all the Alley echo to his praise.

II. Politics

Nor here th' infectious rage for party stops,
But flits along from palaces to shops ;
Our weekly journals o'er the land abound,
And spread their plague and influenzas round ;
The village, too, the peaceful, pleasant plain,
Breeds the Whig farmer and the Tory swain ;
Brookes' and St. Alban's boasts not, but, instead,
Stares the Red Ram, and swings the Rodney's Head :—
Hither, with all a patriot's care, comes he
Who owns the little hut that makes him free ;
Whose yearly forty shillings buy the smile

Of mightier men, and never waste the while ;
Who feels his freehold's worth, and looks elate,
A little prop and pillar of the state.
Here he delights the weekly news to con,
And mingle comments as he blunders on ;
To swallow all their varying authors teach,
To spell a title, and confound a speech :
Till with a muddled mind he quits the news,
And claims his nation's licence to abuse :
Then joins the cry, "That all the courtly race
Are venal candidates for power and place ;"
Yet feels some joy, amid the general vice,
That his own vote will bring its wonted price.

GEORGE CRABBE.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE TASK"

(*Published* 1785)

I. Gipsies

I SEE a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel ; flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race !
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place ;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.

Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature, and, though capable of arts
By which the world might profit and himself,
Self-banished from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil!
Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft,
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note
When safe occasion offers; and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
And breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,
Need other physic none to heal the effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

II. The Clergy

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse,
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes,
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepared by ignorance and sloth,

By infidelity and love o' the world,
To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride :—
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the Church ! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

. . . . . .

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What !—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God ?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes
When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avaunt all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass.
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine ; and all besides,
Though learned with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
Some, decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task performed, relapse into themselves,
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye—
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not.

Forth comes the pocket mirror. First we stroke
An eyebrow ; next, compose a straggling lock ;
Then with an air, most gracefully performed,
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand, depending low.
The better hand, more busy, gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye
With opera-glass to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the slow-retiring fair.
Now this is fulsome, and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

III. The Postman

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! O'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And having dropped the expected bag—pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet

With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget ! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings ? have our troops awaked ?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

IV. Recruiting

But faster far, and more than all the rest,
A noble cause, which none who bears a spark
Of public virtue ever wished removed,
Works the deplored and mischievous effect.
'Tis universal soldiership has stabbed
The heart of merit in the meaner class.
Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,
Seem most at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with serious thought.
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Blest with an infant's ignorance of all
But his own simple pleasures, now and then
A wrestling-match, a foot-race, or a fair,
Is balloted, and trembles at the news :
Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears
A Bible-oath to be whate'er they please,

To do he knows not what. The task performed,
That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees,
Unapt to learn, and formed of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well;
He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movement; is as smart above
As meal and larded locks can make him; wears
His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a grace;
And, his three years of heroship expired,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough.
He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
Attends him, drives his cattle to a march,
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.
'Twere well if his exterior change were all—
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost
His ignorance and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink, to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and Sabbath breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad,
To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends,
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart,
To be a pest where he was useful once,
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.

WILLIAM COWPER.

MR. STEELYARD'S SONG

(*From "The Island in the Moon,"* 1788)

THIS city and this country has brought forth many mayors
To sit in state, and give forth laws out of their old oak chairs,

With face as brown as any nut with drinking of strong ale—
Old English hospitality, O then it did not fail!

With scarlet gowns and broad gold lace, would make a yeoman sweat;
With stockings rolled above their knees and shoes as black as jet;
With eating beef and drinking beer, O they were stout and hale—
Old English hospitality, O then it did not fail!

Thus sitting at the table wide the mayor and aldermen
Were fit to give laws to the city; each ate as much as ten:
The hungry poor entered the hall to eat good beef and ale—
Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

(1789)

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry "Weep! weep! weep! weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for, when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!—

That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free ;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm :
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold ;
But, though slave they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task ?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil ?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted,
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there,—as ye sometimes tell us,—
Is there One who reigns on high ?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His throne, the sky ?
Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means that duty urges
Agents of His will to use ?

Hark ! He answers !—Wild tornadoes
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which He speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer—" No."

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain ;
By the miseries that we tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main ;
By our sufferings, since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart,
All sustained by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart ;

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find

Worthier of regard and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question ours!

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE YEARLY DISTRESS; OR, TITHING TIME AT STOCK, IN ESSEX

[*Verses addressed to a country Clergyman, complaining of the disagreeableness of the day annually appointed for receiving the dues at the Parsonage.*]

COME, ponder well, for 'tis no jest,
To laugh it would be wrong,
The troubles of a worthy priest,
The burden of my song.

This priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of a year,
But oh! it cuts him like a scythe
When tithing-time draws near.

He then is full of frights and fears,
As one at point to die,
And long before the day appears
He heaves up many a sigh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,
Along the miry road,
Each heart as heavy as a log,
To make their payments good.

In sooth, the sorrow of such days
Is not to be expressed,
When he that takes, and he that pays,
Are both alike distressed.

Now, all unwelcome at his gates,
The clumsy swains alight,
With rueful faces and bald pates—
He trembles at the sight.

And well he may, for well he knows
Each bumpkin of the clan,
Instead of paying what he owes,
Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come—each makes his leg,
And flings his head before,
And looks as if he came to beg,
And not to quit a score.

" And how does Miss and Madam do,
The little boy and all ? "
" All tight and well. And how do you,
Good Mr. What-d'ye-call ? "

The dinner comes, and down they sit :
Were e'er such hungry folk ?
There's little talking and no wit ;
It is no time to joke.

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,
One spits upon the floor,
Yet, not to give offence or grieve,
Holds up the cloth before.

The punch goes round, and they are dull
And lumpish still as ever ;
Like barrels with their bellies full,
They only weigh the heavier.

At length the busy time begins :
" Come, neighbours, we must wag "—
The money chinks, down drop their chins,
Each lugging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of frost,
And one of storms of hail,
And one of pigs that he has lost
By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, " A rarer man than you
In pulpit none shall hear :
But yet, methinks, to tell you true,
You sell it plaguy dear."

Oh, why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine ?
A kick that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.

Then let the boobies stay at home ;
'Twould cost him, I dare say,
Less trouble taking twice the sum,
Without the clowns that pay.

WILLIAM COWPER.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE ANTI-JACOBIN"

(1797)

I. The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder

Friend of Humanity *

NEEDY knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast ;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.

* The "Friend of Humanity" was George Tierney, M.P. for Southwark, a member of the "Society of the Friends of the People." He afterwards became, however, Master of the Mint in Canning's administration of 1827.

Weary knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, " Knives and
Scissors to grind O ! "

Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives ?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
Was it the Squire ? or Parson of the Parish ?
Or the Attorney ?

Was it the Squire, for killing of his game ? or
Covetous Parson, for his tithes distraining ?
Or roguish Lawyer, make you lose your little
All in a law-suit ?

(Have you read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine ?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

Knife-grinder

Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, Sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the " Chequers,"
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A Pot of Beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir.

Friend of Humanity

I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee hanged first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !

(*Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican Enthusiasm and Universal Philanthropy.*)

II. La Sainte Guillotine

A NEW SONG *

(*Attempted from the French. Tune*—"*O'er the vine-coloured hills and gay regions of France.*")

I

FROM the blood-bedewed valleys and mountains of France,
See the Genius of Gallic INVASION advance !
Old Ocean shall waft her, unruffled by storm,
While our shores are all lined with the "*Friends of Reform.*" †
Confiscation and Murder attend in her train,
With meek-eyed Sedition, the daughter of PAINE ;
While her sportive *Poissardes* with light footsteps are seen
To dance in a ring round the gay *Guillotine.*

* Dec. 4, 1797. We have been favoured with the following specimen of Jacobin poetry, which we give to the world without any comment or imitation. We are informed (we know not how truly) that it will be sung at the meeting of the Friends of Freedom.

† See Proclamation of the Directory.

II

To London, " the rich, the defenceless " she comes—
Hark ! my boys, to the sound of the Jacobin drums !
See Corruption, Prescription, and Privilege fly,
Pierced through by the glance of her blood-darting eye.
While patriots, from prison and prejudice freed,
In soft accents shall lisp the Republican creed,
And with tri-coloured fillets, and cravats of green,
Shall crowd round the altar of *Sainte Guillotine.*

III

See the level of Freedom sweeps over the land—
The vile Aristocracy's doom is at hand !
Not a seat shall be left in a House *that we know,*
But for *Earl* BUONAPARTE and *Baron* MOREAU.
But the rights of the Commons shall still be respected,
Buonaparte himself shall approve the elected ;
And the Speaker shall march with majestical mien,
And make his three bows to the grave *Guillotine.*

IV

Two heads, says the proverb, are better than one,
But the Jacobin choice is for Five Heads or none.
By Directories only can Liberty thrive ;
Then down with the ONE, Boys ! and up with the FIVE !
How our bishops and judges will stare with amazement,
When their heads are thrust out at the *National Casement !*
When the *National Razor* has shaved them quite clean,
What a handsome oblation to *Sainte Guillotine !*

CANNING and FRERE.

La petite fenêtre and *La Razoire Nationale,* fondling expressions applied to the Guillotine by the Jacobins in France and their pupils there.

III. Lines *

(*Written at the close of the year* 1797)

Loud howls the storm along the neighbouring shore ;
BRITAIN indignant hears the frantic roar ;
Her generous sons pour forth on every side,
Firm in their country's cause—their country's pride !
See wild Invasion threats this envied land ;
Swift to defend her, springs each Social Band ;
Her white rocks echoing to their cheerful cry,
" GOD AND OUR KING ! "—" ENGLAND AND VICTORY ! "

Yes ! happy BRITAIN, on thy tranquil coast
No trophies mad Philosophy shall boast !
Though thy disloyal sons, a feeble band,
Sound the loud blast of treason through the land ;
Scoff at thy danger with unnatural mirth,
And execrate the soil which gave them birth ;
With jaundiced eye thy splendid triumphs view,
And give to FRANCE the palm to BRITAIN due ;
Or,—when loud strains of gratulation ring, †
And lowly bending to the ETERNAL KING,
Thy SOVEREIGN bids a nation's praise arise
In grateful incense to the fav'ring skies—
Cast o'er each solemn scene a scornful glance,
And only sigh for ANARCHY and FRANCE.
Yes ! unsupported *Treason's* standard falls,
Sedition vainly on her children calls,
While Cities, Cottages, and Camps contend,
Their king, their laws, their country to defend.

* For the two following poems we are indebted to unknown correspondents. They could not have reached us at a more seasonable period. The former, we trust, describes the feelings common to every inhabitant of this country. The second, we know too well, is expressive of the sentiments of our enemies. (*Original note.*)

† This refers to the National Thanksgiving for the great naval victories of Lord Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan, held in St. Paul's, December 1797.

Raise, BRITAIN, raise thy sea-encircled head ;
Round the wide world behold thy glory spread ;
Firm as thy guardian oaks thou still shalt stand,
The dread and wonder of each hostile land ;
While the dire fiends of discord idly rave,
And, mad with anguish, curse the severing wave.

QUEEN of the OCEAN, lo ! she smiles serene,
'Mid the deep horrors of the dreadful scene ;
With heartfelt piety to Heav'n she turns—
From Heav'n the flame of British courage burns—
She dreads no power but HIS who rules the ball,
At whose " great bidding " empires rise and fall ;
In HIM, on peaceful plain, or tented field,
She trusts, secure in HIS protecting shield—
GALLIA, thy threats she scorns—BRITAIN SHALL NEVER YIELD.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

IV. Translation of the New Song of the " Army of England "

[*Written by the Ci-devant Bishop of Autun,* with notes by the translator.*]

Good Republicans all,
The Directory's call
Invites you to visit JOHN BULL ;
Oppressed by the rod
Of a King, and a God,
The cup of his misery's full.

Old JOHNNY shall see
What makes a man FREE ;
Not parchments, nor Statutes on Paper ;
And stripped of his riches,
Great Charter, and breeches,
Shall cut a FREE Citizen's caper.

* Prince Talleyrand.

Then away, let us over
To *Deal*, or to *Dover*—
We laugh at his talking so big ;
He's pampered with feeding,
And wants a sound bleeding—
Par dieu ! he shall bleed like a pig !

John tied to the stake,
A grand baiting will make,
When worried by mastiffs of France ;
What REPUBLICAN FUN,
To see his blood run,
As at *Lyons, La Vendée,* and *Nantz* !

With grape-shot discharges,
And plugs in his barges,
With *National Razors* good store,
We'll pepper and shave him,
And in the Thames lave him—
How sweetly he'll bellow and roar !

. . . . . .

The Shop-keeping horde,
The Tenant and Lord,
And the Merchants, are excellent prey :
At our cannon's first thunder,
Rape, pillage, and *plunder*
The *Order* shall be *of the day.*

French fortunes and lives,
French daughters and wives,
Have *fine honest men* to defend 'em !
And BARRAS AND CO.
When to *England* we go,
Will kindly take JOHN'S *in commendam.*

V. Epigram on the Paris Loan, called the Loan upon England

(*January*, 1798)

The Paris Cits, a patriotic band,
Advance their cash on British freehold land.
But let the speculating rogues beware—
They've bought the *skin*, but who's to kill the *bear*?

FRERE.

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY

I. London, 1802

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

II. "It is Not to be Thought of"

(*April* 10, 1802)

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea

Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, " with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the cheek of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

III. Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais

(*August* 1802)

Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
Star of my Country !—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom ; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem ; and should'st wink,
Bright Star ! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There ! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England ; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory !—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

IV. To the Men of Kent

(*October* 1803)

Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
To France be words of invitation sent !
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before ;—
No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;
We all are with you now from shore to shore :—
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION

(1803)

COME ye—who, if (which Heaven avert !) the Land
Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,
Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,
And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your pride—
Come ye—who, not less zealous, might display
Banners at enmity with regal sway,
And, like the Pyms and Miltons of that day,
Think that a State would live in sounder health
If Kingship bowed its head to Commonwealth—
Ye too—whom no discreditable fear
Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,
Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—
And ye—who might mistake for sober sense
And wise reserve the plea of indolence—
Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken all,
Whate'er your temper, at your Country's call ;

Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
Or save this honoured Land from every Lord
But British reason and the British sword.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

(1806)

[*The course of the great war with the French naturally fixed one's attention upon the military character, and, to the honour of our country, there were many illustrious instances of the qualities that constitute its highest excellence. Lord Nelson carried most of the virtues that the trials he was exposed to in his department of the service necessarily call forth and sustain, if they do not produce the contrary vices. But his public life was stained with one great crime, so that, though many passages of these lines were suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be. For the sake of such of my friends as may happen to read this note I will add, that many elements of the character here portrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck as mentioned elsewhere. His messmates used to call him the Philosopher, from which it must be inferred that the qualities and dispositions I allude to had not escaped their notice. He often expressed his regret, after the war had continued some time, that he had not chosen the Naval, instead of the East India Company's service, to which his family connection had led him. He greatly valued moral and religious instruction for youth, as tending to make good sailors. The best, he used to say, came from Scotland ; the next to them, from the North of England, especially from Westmoreland and Cumberland, where, thanks to the piety and local attachments of our ancestors, endowed, or, as they are commonly called, free schools abound.*—Note by Wordsworth.]

WHO is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be ?

—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright :
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care ;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more ; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire :
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;

And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,

Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
This is the happy Warrior ; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM

IF hushed the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer loud tempests deform ;
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep ?
No ! Here's to the Pilot that weathered the storm.

. . . . . .

And shall not his memory to Britain be dear,
Whose example, with envy, all nations behold ;
A statesman unbiassed by interest or fear,
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold.

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe reigned,
While rapine and treason their standards unfurled,
The heat and the hopes of his country maintained,
And one kingdom preserved 'midst the wreck of the world.

. . . . . .

Lo ! Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall !
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore ;
Admired in thy zenith, but loved in thy fall.

GEORGE CANNING.

NELSON, PITT, AND FOX

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings ;

The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly, may he shine,
Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine,
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart,
Say to your sons, Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave.*
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given;
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia,† Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave!
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,

* Nelson. *Gadite wave*, Sea of Cadiz or Gades.
† Copenhagen.

Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself ;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride, he would not crush, restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land
When fraud or danger were at hand ;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood !
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held ;
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way !
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallowed day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
While faith and civil peace are dear,

Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er FOX'S tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed, and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below.
And if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppressed,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
"All peace on earth, good-will to men;"
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record that FOX a Briton died!
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glory fast,

And nailed her colours to the mast !
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honoured grave ;
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd !
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride !—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
" Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb ;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen ? "

Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the cries

Of dying Nature bid you rise ;
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse :
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain !
Though not unmarked from northern clime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme :
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung ;
The Bard you deigned to praise, your deathless names
has sung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE EVE OF QUATRE BRAS

(*Waterloo*, 1815)

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell.

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet :—
But hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !—
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain : he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts ; and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ;—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes ?
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! They come ! they come ! "

And wild and high the " Camerons' gathering " rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes.
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! but with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils

The stirring memory of a thousand years :
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life ;
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay :
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife ;
The morn, the marshalling in arms ; the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The Earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover,—heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent !

LORD BYRON.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

(1809)

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

" SHALL NOBLE ALBION ? "

(*From " The Age of Bronze "*)

SHALL noble Albion pass without a phrase
From a bold Briton in her wonted praise ?
" Arts—arms—and George—and glory—and the Isles,
And happy Britain, wealth, and Freedom's smiles,

White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof,
Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof,
Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curled,
That nose, the hook where he suspends the world!
And Waterloo, and trade, and—(hush! not yet
A syllable of imposts or of debt)—
And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
Whose penknife slit a goose-quill t'other day—
And, 'pilots who have weathered every storm'—
(But no, not even for rhyme's sake, name Reform)."
These are the themes thus sung so oft before,
Methinks we need not sing them any more;
Found in so many volumes far and near,
There's no occasion you should find them here.
Yet something may remain perchance to chime
With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme.
Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still wast born a wit,
And never, even in that dull House, couldst tame
To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator,
Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more:
Nay, not so much:—they hate thee, man, because
Thy Spirit less upholds them than it awes.

LORD BYRON.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE MASK OF ANARCHY"

(*Written on the occasion of the massacre* * *at Manchester*)

I. The Procession of Anarchy

As I lay asleep in Italy
There came a voice from over the Sea,
And with great power it forth led me
To walk in the visions of Poesy.

* The Peterloo Riot, August 16, 1819.

I met Murder on the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh—
Very smooth he looked, yet grim ;
Seven bloodhounds followed him :

All were fat ; and well they might
Be in admirable plight,
For one by one, and two by two,
He tossed them human hearts to chew
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Eldon, an ermined gown ;
His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to millstones as they fell.

And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.

Clothed with the Bible, as with light,
And the shadows of the night,
Like Sidmouth, next, Hypocrisy
On a crocodile rode by.

And many more Destructions played
In this ghastly masquerade,
All disguised, even to the eyes,
Like Bishops, lawyers, peers or spies.

Last came Anarchy : he rode
On a white horse, splashed with blood ;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown ;
And in his grasp a sceptre shone ;
On his brow this mark I saw—
"I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!"

II. The Song of the Earth of England

" Men of England, heirs of Glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty Mother,
Hopes of her, and one another ;

" Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number,
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few.

" What is Freedom ?—ye can tell
That which slavery is, too well—
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

" 'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell
For the tyrants' use to dwell :

" So that ye for them are made
Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade,
With or without your own will bent
To their defence and nourishment.

. . . . . .

" What art thou, Freedom? O! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand—tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery :

" Thou art not, as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition, and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame.

" For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labour come,
In a neat and happy home.

" Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude—
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England now we see.

. . . . . .

" Science, Poetry and Thought
Are thy lamps ; they make the lot
Of the dwellers in a cot
So serene, they curse it not.

" Spirit, Patience, Gentleness.
All that can adorn and bless
Art thou—let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness.

" Let a great Assembly be
Of the fearless and the free
On some spot of English ground
Where the plains stretch wide around.

" Let the blue sky overhead,
The green earth on which ye tread,
All that must eternal be,
Witness the solemnity.

" From the corners uttermost
Of the bounds of English coast ;
From every hut, village and town
Where those who live and suffer moan
For others' misery or their own.

" From the workhouse and the prison
Where, pale as corpses newly risen,

Women, children, young and old
Groan for pain, and weep for cold—

" From the haunts of daily life
Where is waged the daily strife
With common wants and common cares
Which sows the human heart with tares—

" Lastly, from the palaces
Where the murmur of distress
Echoes, like the distant sound
Of a wind alive around

" Those prison halls of wealth and fashion
Where some few feel such compassion
For those who groan, and toil, and wail
As must make their brethren pale—

" Ye who suffer woes untold,
Or to feel, or to behold
Your lost country bought and sold
With a price of blood and gold—

" Let a vast assembly be,
And with great solemnity
Declare with measured words that ye
Are, as God has made ye, free—

" Be your strong and simple words
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,
And wide as targes let them be,
With their shade to cover ye.

" Let the tyrants pour around
With a quick and startling sound,
Like the loosening of a sea,
Troops of armed emblazonry.

"Let the charged artillery drive
Till the dead air seems alive
With the clash of clanging wheels,
And the tramp of horses' heels.

"Let the fixèd bayonet
Gleam with sharp desire to wet
Its bright point in English blood
Looking keen as one for food.

"Let the horsemen's scimitars
Wheel and flash, like sphereless stars
Thirsting to eclipse their burning
In a sea of death and mourning.

"Stand ye calm and resolute,
Like a forest close and mute,
With folded arms and looks which are
Weapons of unvanquished war;

"And let Panic, who outspeeds
The career of armèd steeds,
Pass, a disregarded shade,
Through your phalanx undismayed.

"Let the laws of your own land,
Good or ill, between ye stand
Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Arbiters of the dispute,

"The old laws of England—they
Whose reverend heads with age are grey
Children of a wiser day;
And whose solemn voice must be
Thine own echo—Liberty!

"On those who first should violate
Such sacred heralds in their state

Rest the blood that must ensue . . .
And it will not rest on you.

" And if then the tyrants dare,
Let them ride among you there,
Slash, and stab, and maim, and hew,—
What they like, that let them do.

" With folded arms and steady eyes,
And little fear, and less surprise,
Look upon them as they slay
Till their rage has died away.

" Then they will return with shame
To the place from which they came,
And the blood thus shed will speak
In hot blushes on their cheek.

" Every woman in the land
Will point at them as they stand—
They will hardly dare to greet
Their acquaintance in the street.

" And the bold, true warriors
Who have hugged Danger in wars
Will turn to those who would be free
Ashamed of such base company.

" And that slaughter to the Nation
Shall steam up like inspiration,
Eloquent, oracular ;
A volcano heard afar.

" And these words shall then become
Like oppression's thundered doom
Ringing through each heart and brain,
Heard again—again—again—

" Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number—
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"WITH ALL THY FAULTS!"

(*From "Beppo"*)

"ENGLAND! with all thy faults I love thee still."
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
I like the government (but that is not it);
I like the freedom of the press and quill;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it);
I like a Parliamentary debate,
Particularly when 'tis not too late;

I like the taxes, when they're not too many;
I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear;
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the weather,—when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the Regent, Church, and King!
Which means that I like all and everything.

LORD BYRON.

AFTER READING IN A LETTER PROPOSALS FOR BUILDING A COTTAGE

(1821)

BESIDE a runnel build my shed,
With stubbles covered o'er;
Let broad oaks o'er its chimney spread,
And grass-plats grace the door.

The door may open with a string,
So that it closes tight ;
And locks would be a wanted thing,
To keep out thieves at night.

A little garden, not too fine,
Inclose with painted pales ;
And woodbines, round the cot to twine,
Pin to the wall with nails.

Let hazels grow, and spindling sedge,
Bend bowering overhead ;
Dig old man's beard from woodland hedge,
To twine a summer shade.

Beside the threshold sods provide,
And build a summer seat ;
Plant sweet-briar bushes by its side
And flowers that blossom sweet.

I love the sparrows' ways to watch
Upon the cotter's sheds,
So here and there pull out the thatch,
That they may hide their heads.

And as the sweeping swallows stop
Their flights along the green,
Leave holes within the chimney-top
To paste their nest between.

Stick shelves and cupboards round the hut,
In all the holes and nooks ;
Nor in the corner fail to put
A cupboard for the books.

Along the floor some sand I'll sift,
To make it fit to live in ;
And then I'll thank ye for the gift,
As something worth the giving.

JOHN CLARE.

THE COTTAGER

TRUE as the church clock hand the hour pursues
He plods about his toils and reads the news,
And at the blacksmith's shop his hour will stand
To talk of " Lunun " as a foreign land.
For from his cottage door in peace or strife
He ne'er went fifty miles in all his life.
His knowledge with old notions still combined
Is twenty years behind the march of mind.
He views new knowledge with suspicious eyes
And thinks it blasphemy to be so wise.
On steam's almighty tales he wondering looks
As witchcraft gleaned from old black-letter books.
Life gave him comfort but denied him wealth,
He toils in quiet and enjoys his health.
He smokes a pipe at night and drinks his beer,
And runs no scores on tavern screens to clear.
He goes to market all the year about,
And keeps one hour and never stays it out.
E'en at St. Thomas tide old Rover's bark
Hails Dapple's trot an hour before it's dark.
He is a simple-worded plain old man
Whose good intents take errors in their plan.
Oft sentimental and with saddened vein
He looks on trifles and bemoans their pain,
And thinks the angler mad, and loudly storms
With emphasis of speech o'er murdered worms.
O hunters cruel ! pleading with sad care
Pity's petition for the fox and hare,
Yet feels self-satisfaction in his woes
For war's crushed myriads of his slaughtered foes.
He is right scrupulous in one pretext
And wholesale errors swallows in the next.
He deems it sin to sing, and yet to say
A song a mighty difference in his way.
And many a moving tale in antique rhymes

He has for Christmas and such merry times,
When " Chevy Chase," his masterpiece of song,
Is said so earnest none can think it long.
'Twas the old vicar's way who should be right,
For the old vicar was his heart's delight.
And while at church he often shakes his head
To think what sermons the old vicar made,
Downright and orthodox that all the land
Who had their ears to hear might understand,
But now such mighty learning meets his ears
He thinks it Greek or Latin which he hears,
Yet church receives him every sabbath day,
And rain or snow, he never keeps away.
All words of reverence still his heart reveres,
Low bows his head when Jesus' name he hears,
And still he thinks it blasphemy as well
Such names without a capital to spell.
In an old corner cupboard by the wall
His books are laid, though good, in number small,
His Bible first in place, from worth and age,
Whose grandsire's name adorns the title page,
And blank leaves once, now filled with kindred claims,
Displayed a world's epitome of names.
Parents and children and grandchildren all
Memory's affections in the lists recall.
And prayer book next, much worn though strongly bound,
Proves him a churchman orthodox and sound.
The *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Death of Abel*
Are seldom missing from his Sunday table.
And prime old Tusser in his homely trim,
The first of bards in all the world to him,
And only Poet which his leisure knows ;
Verse deals in fiction, so he sticks to prose.
There are the books he reads and reads again
And weekly hunts the almanacks for rain.
Here and no further learning's channels ran ;
Still, neighbours prize him as the learned man.

His cottage is a humble place of rest
With one spare room to welcome every guest,
And that tall poplar pointing to the sky
His own hand planted while an idle boy,
It shades his chimney while the singing wind
Hums songs of shelter to his happy mind.
Within his cot the largest ears of corn
He ever found his picture frames adorn :
Brave Granby's head, De Grosse's grand defeat ;
He rubs his hands and shows how Rodney beat.
And from the rafters upon strings depend
Bean-stalks beset with pods from end to end,
Whose numbers without counting may be seen
Wrote on the almanack behind the screen.
Around the corner upon worsted strung
Pooties in wreaths above the cupboard hung.
Memory at trifling incidents awakes
And there he keeps them for his children's sakes,
Who when as boys searched every sedgy lane,
Traced every wood and shattered clothes again,
Roaming about on rapture's easy wing
To hunt those very pooty shells in Spring.
And thus he lives too happy to be poor
While strife ne'er pauses at so mean a door.
Low in the sheltered valley stands his cot,
He hears the mountain storm and fears it not ;
Winter and spring, toil ceasing ere 'tis dark,
Rests with the lamb and rises with the lark.
Content is helpmate to the day's employ
And care ne'er comes to steal a single joy.
Time, scarcely noticed, turns his hair to grey,
Yet leaves him happy as a child at play.

JOHN CLARE

JERUSALEM

(*From the Prophetic Book, "Milton." Engraved* 1804)

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT
THE PRESS OF THE PUBLISHERS